



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue

"Mystic Seaport Boathouse: A Reflection from 2006"
"Lost Boys with a Boat" – "Long Distance Boat Building"

Volume 24 – Number 23

April 15, 2007



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The advent of spring has manifested itself in some of the newsletters we get with mention of activities planned or desired in the coming season. These newsletters are the work of highly motivated members of the groups they serve and sometimes there is an undertone that implies that more members ought to be taking part in either organizing activities or at least in attending those that are scheduled.

One instance: one group had undertaken a project boat a couple of years ago, but judging from the latest newsletter it wasn't going anywhere. Members were asked if anyone wanted to have a workshop on the boat this year, only one had showed up for a workshop early in 2006 and nobody turned up for the last one in 2006.

I followed the fortunes of another group in its newsletters last year relating to scheduled outings on the water and noted that typical turnouts were two or three (usually the same core group), never more than five, members for scheduled outings, despite a membership list over 50.

The underlying question that comes to mind in this is why do people join organizations devoted to their enthusiasm and then not participate? It is a common experience in all special interest organizations that a few do all the work of making things happen for the many who belong. I have heard this rationalized by the statement, "I didn't join this club to work!" The club was viewed as a recreational opportunity one could take part in for fun, not a job to be done. But then, given this attitude, why don't more members take part in the activities provided by the hard working few?

Can it be that many of our multitasking folks of today still think they will have time to do something for fun with others sharing their interest, only to never find the time?

Or does it happen that new enthusiasts (who are most likely to be looking for like minded companions with whom to share their enthusiasm) find they've joined a group with an established hierarchy running things that doesn't really pay heed to new members?

I have personal experience with this latter situation. A friend and I joined the regional BMW group which had about 500 mem-

bers, mostly from eastern Massachusetts. My friend subsequently went on a club ride involving about two dozen members and found himself virtually ignored. Nobody troubled to welcome him. Being a gregarious person he undertook to socialize and found himself briefly acknowledged before again being sort of shunted aside.

The club had been experiencing a serious decline in membership and solicited member input in its newsletter as to why, so my friend presented this example to the officer doing the survey. The latter was truly surprised. They all knew each other and hadn't given a thought as to how it felt to be a newcomer joining in the fun.

My friend suggested he organize a weekend road riding event for club members (no cost involved) out of his summer cabin in new country, thinking to broaden the club's horizons. His RSVP request went unanswered right up to the date scheduled, nobody appeared to be interested despite his clearly explained plan of activities. Now as 2007 begins the new president of the club has trotted out once again the inquiry (in somewhat desperate tones) into why so few have renewed membership to date for the new year and why so few of the members participated last year in group activities.

In the early '80s I organized a local traditional small craft club at the Peabody Museum in Salem and, over the ten years or so I did it, by assiduously finding interesting speakers and programs for the monthly evening meetings regularly attracted 50-75 members. But a few forays into on the water activities fell flat with but a handful turning out, mostly those who lived nearby the venue. One member organized a spring nautical flea market/yard sale for us at his yacht club about 15 miles from Salem. Nobody came but him and I.

Typically people who enjoy a recreational activity do like to share it with like minded others, hence the formation of special interest groups (clubs). What then happens in many cases is the puzzle. The efforts made to indulge in shared experiences too often seem to founder. What do people who join such organizations and then do not participate really want? Any suggestions?

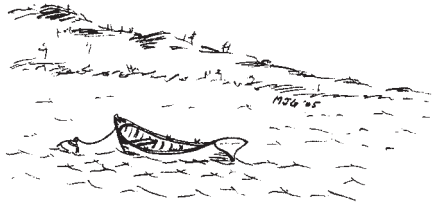
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On the Cover...

Mystic Seaport Museum's boathouse has been making traditional small craft available for visitors to row, paddle and sail for a number of years. Boathouse Manager Sharon Brown tells us how it was there in 2006 in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

Think of fishing in reverse. Think about a large fish catching someone, maybe me, for breakfast. Of course, I would have fed him the young lady first. Beauty before age, my Dear.

We were fishing from my canoe in Whalebone Cove. It's a lovely small tidal marsh with deep estuaries but not brackish enough to discourage fresh water fish. We'd anchored by the deep hole where the two largest streams converge.

I'd brought my spinning rod equipped with 8lb monofilament, a can of lively night crawlers, and the young lady. I haven't necessarily listed these in order of importance. Without the night crawlers this story would have been different, and you'd need to hide this magazine under your mattress.

We had my little Grumman canoe. The distinctive dent in the bow came from that time she leapt off Wally's truck as we drove back to the barn. The wind got underneath her and there she went, doing a spectacular flip off his '56 Ford. We had tucked the stern inside the tailgate and run two short cords from the forward thwart into the cab, pinched in the rolled up windows. It might have worked had we used longer lines and knotted them together. Hindsight is fine until you pull up your pants.

The little canoe bounced once in the road and settled amid the chicory flowers along the verge to ponder her new career. Had anyone been driving right behind us this episode would have merited a full page.

This afternoon we practiced a bit of alchemy, attempting to convert the bait into supper. It isn't especially difficult, even a minnow can do it. I never bothered with floats or sinkers. The way I look at it, when a worm falls into the river he starts at the surface and ends his life at the bottom, if he makes it that far.

I didn't care if I caught a bass or merely an ugly bullhead. If all else failed we could always eat rice and beans. We enjoyed messing about in the boat, the fish enjoyed messing about in the river. Occasionally we swapped roles. Often the fish lucked out and absconded with the bait. If you caught a fish with every cast you couldn't stay out as long. No point in that. Down and down went night crawler number four.

No one seemed the least interested. I let him lie on the bottom while I finished my peppermint tea. Suddenly I felt something down there fooling about with my bait. I waited a moment, then I set the hook. Snagged, by golly. Must be a sunken log. Oh, well. I could cut the line or pull until it broke.

Suddenly the log began to move. Good, I thought, I've yanked a chunk of sodden wood from the bottom and now it wants to travel with the tide. I attempted to reel it in. The rod bent double. Then the clutch slipped, the line began to leave the reel, there was something alive down there! Something quite large. I increased my drag. This fish was not impressed. He stopped, he started, he stripped off most of my line.

The young lady weighed our anchor. This behemoth towed us toward the river. As he hadn't any plans for the afternoon we excused at leisure. For a while I thought it might be a snapping turtle but a snapper would have bitten through the line.

For 20 minutes I played a losing game of tug-of-war. He towed us half the length of Whalebone Creek. He never came up from the bottom. Sometimes I paddled over him and bent my rod as far as I dared in vain attempts to raise him. Eventually he took a round turn on that cottonwood snag down at the bend, you know where I mean, and went about his business.

We have some good-sized carp in the Connecticut, a friend of mine hoisted out a 40-pounder. Infrequently someone catches a sturgeon. One got tangled in Uncle Joe's shad net back when I was a boy. They run to hundreds of pounds. Who knows what monsters lurk at the bottoms of rivers? Makes you think twice about dangling your toes over the side of your boat.

With heavier line, I could have forced him up and made his acquaintance. Then again, he might have decided to add canoe to his menu. I tell everyone I was glad to be the one that got away. That isn't true. Had I landed him, I could have stretched this story out and had enough for two issues.

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Activities & Events..

Building Scherzo

The Community School in South Tamworth, New Hampshire, is offering a summer course July 23–August 3 working with boat builder Geoff Burke to reproduce Scherzo, a lapstrake double paddle canoe. The use of traditional methods of working wood will help you develop fine hand skills while proceeding through all the steps of building a lapstrake boat. The course fee is \$1,000. For more information contact Jenny Rowe at (603) 323-7000 or director@communityschoolnh.org.

The Community School, South Tamworth, NH

Information of Interest..

Old Downeast

Deck Coating Formula

Used on wooden schooner decks, fishing boats, porch decks. Makes a dark amber finish. Batch covers 10'x10' area. Use less pine tar for lighter color, more for darker. Allow more drying time for darker mixture.

- 1 quart turpentine
- 1 quart boiled linseed oil
- ½ pint pine tar
- ½ pint Japan driers

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information Wanted..

King's Broad Arrow

Thank you for your information on the phone the other day when I inquired about the King's broad arrow blaze on specimen pine and spruce trees marked for use for the British Navy. The bit about the specially designed ships and equipment to handle the large spars was particularly interesting. I will be using it soon in the novel I am completing in a few months.

If any readers have information regarding the British commandeering prize tree specimens for naval spars, I would be pleased to hear from them. My email address is for12345@adelphia.net

Howard S. Ford, 391 Glenbrook Dr., Auburn, NY 13021

Looking for *Rill*

I am looking for a wooden sloop named *Rill* that formerly belonged to my father-in-law but has passed through several owners since.

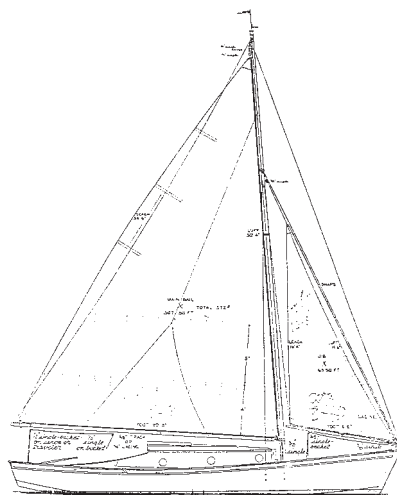
She was built around Bangor, Maine, about 1952 from plans printed in a *Mechanix Illustrated* boat building special edition published in the early 1940s under the headline "Spindrift 30' Auxiliary Cruiser" by J.A. Emmett. My wife's father bought her in the late 1950s and sailed her around Maine until he sold her in the mid '70s. Here's the tale of the trail as far as I know it. I hope that some reader will contact me with some information about where she might be now and what her condition might be.

When she left the family the *Rill* went to Kennebunkport, Maine, for several years. She was offered for sale in the classified section of

WoodenBoat #82, June 1988, as a "30' LOD Sharpie, 1952." I tried calling the number in the ad and spoke with the man who owned her, placed the ad, and sold her to someone whose name he could not remember. He offered that the boat had gone to Massachusetts where a bowsprit, roller furling jib, and new mainsail were added by a sailmaker from Fiddler's Cover. At the time she had green topsides, white cabin trunk, and was on a dual axle trailer. She was last rumored to be around Cape Cod or Martha's Vineyard.

I've followed up on a bunch of leads without much success. I am hoping that some sharp-eyed, boatyard crawling readers might have some additional leads for me.

Dan McCarthy, 10 Chase Ave, Waterville, ME 04901, (207) 649-6104, dcmccarthy@midmaine.com.



How About Isopropyl Alcohol?

I was wondering if any readers would know about adding isopropyl alcohol to outboard or inboard gasoline? I remember buying "dry gas" in winter to remove moisture in the tank? It is basically isopropyl alcohol, at over 95% abv. There is a lesser abv version (75%) as well. It worked on cars back then, as they had an open (carburetor-air cleaner) system. It seems like a bottle or two in the tank might be a more economical alternative to racing fuel. Maybe not. A scientist I ain't.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Better Spark?

If anyone knows how to get a better spark from an outboard magneto I'd like to hear about it. I believe there would be less blue smoke polluting things. Robb White probably had an answer for that. We need more like him.

D.W. Swartzentruber, Sturgis, MI

Swampscott Dory Weight?

I wonder if any readers might know what the estimated weight of a 19.5'x4.5' all wood sailing Swampscott dory might be? Send reply to bultuda@aol.com.

James Flint, Westport, CT

Opinions..

Disagrees with Dave

While I agree with most of Dave Carnell's recent letter concerning ethanol fuel, I disagree with his view that the way to significantly reduce the U.S. dependence on foreign oil is by drilling everywhere, which would keep the price low and demand high. The technology exists today to do more with less, all we need is the political will to do it.

Dave seems to think the efforts of billions of people burning up the world's second most plentiful liquid, which is basically stored solar energy created over millions of years, in the space of a couple hundred years is puny. With CO₂ concentration being the highest it's ever been and rising, as measured over half a million years by cored ice samples, we cannot help but realize we are, motoring into uncharted waters. Oil is too valuable to be burned up in SUVs going to convenience stores to get lighter fluid, after all you can make boats out of the stuff.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

Projects..

Building a 30-Footer in a 24' Garage

I built my 30' catamaran in my 24' garage on a jig on rollers so I could move it around as I worked on it. By rolling it to a diagonal position in the garage I could even put the car in there when not working on the boat.

This is the same boat pictured with my letter in the December 1, 2006 issue.

Dave Tangen, Great Falls, MT



Dreamcatcher Progress

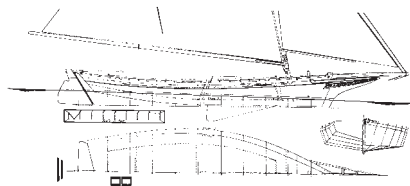
I plan to get back to work on *Dreamcatcher* as soon as the temp rises above 15°. It takes too long to get the shop warmed up enough to hold tools when the temp is extreme. At 20° it takes over two hours to make it tolerable. Winter has not only caught up with us here in western New York but any hopes for a mild winter as we had last year is lost. We haven't had so many single digit days in a long time.

This crabbing bateau drawing documented by Howard I. Chapelle was a consideration for an alternate deck cockpit design

for my *Dreamcatcher*. The cabin on *Messenger* (the original skipjack from which *Dreamcatcher* has been scaled down) scaled down too small for any bunks, too short and narrow to be of any use. This crabbing bateau design would be quicker and much simpler to build but it just doesn't look like a skipjack. Well the bow and sails do, and the sheer, but...

So, I'm going back to the *Messenger* cabin design and I hope to be able to adjust the scale and bridge deck so that it looks good, and can be used for storage of some sort.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



This Magazine..

Likes "Beyond the Horizon" Best

With all of the good things that you put in this magazine, I think that I like Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" the most. That may be because I have worked in the merchant marine business for most of my adult life. I like to know what is going on around the bend from my lock.

I have also really enjoyed the articles about guys in search of that perfect boat. Many of these come out like an autobiography. Most of us with a few decades of boating seem to change our perfect boat from time to time and often come back near where we started.

I would like to encourage more folks to share their boating history with us.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Thanks to a Reader

Many thanks to Robert A. Kugler for putting me on to *Pigeons & Gudgeons* from Duck Trap Press, it perfectly fits my needs. Mr. Kugler's return address was obliterated on his card so I cannot thank him directly. And thanks to you for publishing my plea for a glossary of terms,

Livingston Morris, Devon, PA

Great Stories

I got turned on to your mag by a friend at work. It was a story about sailing around on Buzzards Bay that did it. I have been living out here in Wyoming for the past 30 years but inherited the family cottage in Onset on Buzzards Bay about five years ago. I used to spend summers there and was a real water rat. Great stories!

Lee Varraro, Gillette, WY

Just Keep on Keeping On

Another year has blipped past and I turned 81. Unbelievable! But, like you, I just keep on doing what I do, moving right along. WWII vets like me are fewer in number now, I figure that all the prescription drugs many of them took didn't help all that much. I still don't take anything from the drugstore and still do some weight lifting.

Just keep on keeping on, we readers love it that way.

Jim Moore, Bakersfield, CA

Nowhere Else to Turn

Thank you for your efforts to address the concerns of small boat people. We have nowhere else to turn.

Ed Stagis, Plainville, CT

Pure Pleasure

Thank you for your wonderful work, the magazine is a source of pure pleasure to me.

Jonathan Miller, Valencia, CA



No End to Robb's Knowledge

God, do I miss Robb White. I remember when I first started reading him back in the '90s. For a while I thought he was just another redneck blowhard. Then I began to realize everything the guy said was pretty much always correct. I especially remember that story about his mother's Marble Game Getter. Since I do know a bit about older firearms and I had never heard of one I thought he was making it all up. Then, lo and behold, when I researched a bit I discovered there actually was such a weapon made by the Marble Co. Seems like there was no end to his knowledge and we're all deprived in his passing.

Rich Jakowski, Putnam Heights, CT

Small World

An interesting thing happened after the publication of my story about my Grumman canoe. My sister, who lives on Fisher's Island, New York, received a copy of my story from friends in the Netherlands who recognized the name! It really is a small world after all.

After so many years in small boats of varying sizes, I have to agree with Robb White when he stated that the only boats really worth messing with are those you can pick up single handedly.

Robert G. Torgerson, Nanuet, NY

Circulation Building

The Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez just sponsored the Second Annual Age of Sail, Age of Steam Ship & Boat Model Exhibition mid-February. I took about 50 back issues of *MAIB* and put them out. All gone by the end of the day and I want you to be alert for huge subscription increase from the Tampa Bay area!

Seriously, I hope something comes of it. It's a great and inexpensive way to promote, and does me a service, too. When FLMM/C opens its doors to the public, probably in March, I'll get some more down there. Roger Allen, the honcho, also runs the very active local TSCA.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



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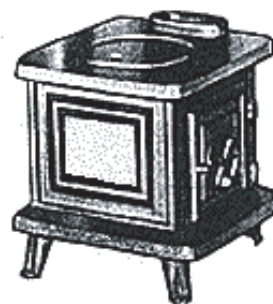
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Iron Men Wooden Boats: The Epic Story of American PT Boats in World War II

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Reviewed by Preston Larus



Book Reviews

I saw my first Huckins Yacht when I was about 16, in 1976 or so, while working summers on a gas dock at the York River Yacht Haven in Gloucester, Virginia. It had a businesslike, almost military look about it compared to the other sleek, more streamlined craft coming and going in those days.



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Later I learned that Huckins was one of three yacht builders who were commissioned by the U.S. Navy to build Patrol Torpedo (PT) boats during World War II and suddenly it was easy to understand where that Huckins military bearing came from. So I was intrigued to read *Iron Men, Wooden Boats* and learn more about these boats, especially from an author such as Mr. West, who was himself a PT man stationed in the Southwest Pacific.

This is first and foremost a history book. It traces the history of the PT boat from its conception, through its varied missions in many parts of the world, to the modern derivatives that endured long after the last plywood PT was scrapped. The detail of this book is impressive: fully 85 of its 487 pages are devoted to the endnotes and index! It is exhaustive catalog of missions, complete with names and ranks of most officers and crew members.

The crews were indeed iron men, they had to be. The PT as a combat tool was a work in progress and its armament and equipment evolved in response to experience against the enemy, many of these experiences were not of the "good" variety. At 70'-80' with a designed speed of 40 knots plus, its main advantages were speed and elusiveness, but lacking the armor of a steel ship it was vulnerable to weapons small and large. The strategy was to get in, hit hard, and get away. This was especially hard given the inherent unreliability of their major weapon, the obsolete Mark XIII torpedo, which misfired as often as it launched and was dismayingly inaccurate even after a successful launch.

Most often these boats were at the far end of a very long supply chain and it was difficult to keep them properly maintained. Nevertheless, the crews managed to find a way in most cases to keep patrolling, even if it meant doing so with equipment that was wearing thin indeed.

As it turned out the Huckins I so admired was the least effective of the three makes of PT, the Elco and the Higgins were the best performers by far. The Huckins "had a tendency to yaw in a following sea... in echelon formation, the boat would fall off the bow wave ahead, causing the helmsman to lose control." I wonder if their pleasure boats have the same performance characteristics?

Several chapters are, of course, devoted to that most famous skipper of PT-109, the young John F. Kennedy. I won't recreate the details, but like all the PT men he was faced with a hell of a job to do and took it on courageously.

This book is an incredible piece of work, the research alone must have taken

years. That, however, did not make it an easy read. The prose is frequently awkward and the author tends toward run-on sentences. Judging by the number of incomplete sentences and the frequency of incorrect punctuation, the copy editor must have been on vacation as well. While the stories are frequently gripping, the detail can be as mind numbing as a textbook and I found myself having to skim quickly in places to keep from getting bogged down. I also would have enjoyed more detail on the actual boats, but that's just where my interest happens to lie.

At \$35.50, this book would be a little pricey for the messer with a casual interest in the subject (like me). But for someone with a keen desire to know the details of PTs in World War II, this is a valuable reference.

Another Look at *Canoeing With the Cree*

Mini-Review by Burt Van Deusen

While on a recent trip to Pine Island, Florida, for a visit with my Dad (born 1912 in Minnesota) and brother I found a wonderful old book written by Eric Sevareid, yes, the famous news correspondent, entitled *Canoeing With the Cree*, published in 1935 and republished in 1965 by the Minnesota Historical Society.

The book describes a 2,250-mile canoe (16' Old Town) trip from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to the Hudson Bay by Mr. Sevareid and a friend in 1930. Both young men were newly graduated from high school, Mr. Sevareid being only 17 years old at the time. He had talked the *Minneapolis Star* newspaper into publishing accounts of the trip as he and his schoolmate went along. No one gave them much of a chance to finish the trip and this book was taken from those newspaper writings.

The trip starts out on the Minnesota River in early summer with descriptions of towns, farms, people, conditions, etc. along the way. There are short historical accounts of local areas and the trip continues as they cross into Canada, across Lake Winnipeg, and further north. All the while the lads are learning from trappers and the Cree the ways of survival in the Northern Woods and on the waterways. One highlight for Mr. Sevareid was meeting a Canadian Mountie and it is written like an excited kid meeting a cinema cowboy star.

Learning the nature of people and depending on their kindness they begin to feel the pressure of winter closing in on them. The account of the last 500 miles through the wild territory that few, if any, white men had covered, is some of the most exciting first person small boating narrative I have ever read. Mr. Sevareid was a gifted writer at an early age with a vivid, lucid, matter-of-fact style.

There are copies of this book to be found on the internet ranging from \$6.50 to several hundred dollars, or borrow it from the library. It is a sit down and read in one evening book. You will love it!

(*Canoeing With the Cree* was first reviewed in the October 1, 2000 issue.)

Off-Season Boating Cold Shock and Hypothermia



The fine breezy days of spring and fall are the best of days for many boaters. Hunters are often on the water in the coldest months of the year. Off-season boating carries risks not faced by summertime mariners. When the water is cold (less than 68°F), an accidental plunge over the side can be fatal regardless of air temperature or your ability to swim.

With fewer boats on the water in the off season, prompt rescue is unlikely. In many cases, victims without life jackets disappear before even nearby boaters can reach them. When accidents happen we must be able to carry out our own rescues or survive in the water until help arrives. Cold water boaters must be as self-sufficient as possible.

What happens in cold water?

Cold water removes heat from the body 25 times faster than cold air. Immersion in turbulent water or attempted swimming may double that rate of heat loss. Survival time can be reduced to minutes. Strong swimmers have died before swimming 100 yards in cold water. In water under 40°F, victims have died before swimming 100 feet.

Cold Shock

Sudden immersion in cold water causes a powerful gasping reflex. If the victim is underwater due to lack of a personal flotation device (PFD, life jacket), inhaled water may cause immediate unconsciousness and drowning.

Exposure of the head and chest to cold water causes sudden increases in heart rate and blood pressure which may result in cardiac arrest.

Uncontrolled rapid breathing (hyperventilation) follows the initial gasping response and may also lead to unconsciousness. The victim must attempt to recover a normal breathing rhythm as rapidly as possible.

Swimming Failure

Within a few minutes in cold water hands, arms, and legs become numb and useless. The victim will now be unable to swim, climb out of the water into an upright boat, or even hold onto a capsized boat. Without a PFD the victim drowns long before core hypothermia develops.

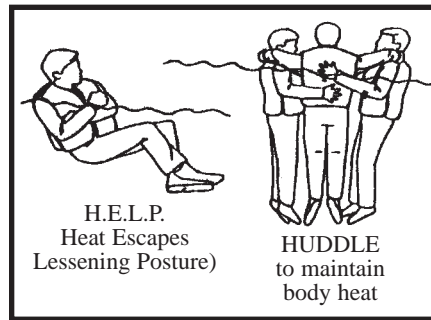
Hypothermia

Hypothermia (reduced core body temperature) develops more slowly than the immediate effects of cold water immersion. Survival tables show that an adult dressed in average clothing may remain conscious for 30 minutes in water at 40°F and perhaps one hour in water at 50°F. Any movement in the

water accelerates heat loss. Without thermal protection the victim, though conscious, is soon helpless due to swimming failure. Without a PFD, drowning is unavoidable.

Even with a wetsuit/dry suit on, one's hands rapidly become useless in water of 40-45°F. Protective fingerless gloves used by fishermen can be important.

Shivering occurs as body temperature drops from 97°F down to 90°F. Muscle rigidity and loss of manual dexterity, physical helplessness, and loss of mental capacity occurs at a core temperature of about 93°F. Unconsciousness occurs when the body's core temperature reaches about 86°F. Death occurs at a core temperature of about 80°F.



Once in the Water

Will you be found in time? Slim odds! Buy time, dress to swim! Try to get back into or on your boat immediately. If you are not dressed for immersion, stay as still as possible and do not leave the boat. If you are floating in the water, fold arms, cross legs, and float quietly on the buoyancy of your PFD until help arrives (Heat Escape Lessening Posture, H.E.L.P.). If two or more people are in the water, put your arms around one another. Stay still and close together (Huddle Posture). This advice assumes that you are wearing a PFD but are not dressed for immersion in cold water.

How Fast Can it Happen?

On Memorial Day 1996 two brothers (10 and 19 years old) were being towed in high winds when their canoe capsized in 50°F lake water (Adirondacks). The younger brother, wearing a PFD, was promptly rescued. Minutes later the older brother, wearing blue jeans, a light shirt, but no PFD, could not be found. Divers recovered his body the next day. He was not able to hold on to the capsized canoe for even the few minutes it took to save his younger brother.

Dressing for the possibility of immersion buys time for victims to work out a rescue in case of an accident. Warm weather does not cancel out the danger of cold water immersion. Instead, wearing lighter clothing on warm days increases risk.

Treatment of Hypothermia

Mild Hypothermia: Victim is shivering but coherent. Move victim to place of warmth. Remove wet clothes, give warm sweet drinks, no alcohol or caffeine. Keep victim warm for several hours.

Moderate Hypothermia: Victim may seem irrational with deteriorating coordination. Shivering may decrease or stop. Treat as above but no drinks. Victim should be kept horizontal (face up) and immobile. Cover torso, thighs, head, and neck with dry covers to stop further heat loss. Arms and legs must not be stimulated in any manner. Victim must be handled gen-

tly. Cold blood in extremities that suddenly returns to the core may induce cardiac arrest. Seek medical attention immediately.

Severe Hypothermia: Victim may resist help or be semi-conscious or unconscious. Shivering may have stopped. Removed from water, victim must be kept horizontal (face up) and immobile. Cover torso, thighs, head, and neck with dry covers to stop further heat loss. Arms and legs must not be stimulated in any manner as noted above. Seek medical attention immediately.

Victim Appears Dead: Little or no breathing or pulse, body rigid. Assume victim can be revived. Look for faint pulse or breathing for two minutes. If any trace is detected, do not give CPR. It can cause cardiac arrest. Medical help is imperative. If pulse and breathing are totally absent, CPR should be started by trained medical personnel.

Planning Ahead

Wear a PFD and clothing that permits safe cold water immersion. We test our gear in cold water by walking in/out in the presence of friends. Note the water temperature!

Layers of outdoor clothing that keep us warm on land (wool, polypropylene, etc.) are instantly converted to ice cold dead weight when immersed in cold water. Such clothing is only useful when worn inside a waterproof shell (jacket, pants, drysuit) having neoprene or latex gaskets at ankles, waist, wrists, and neck. Fleece-lined lightweight wetsuits are comfortable alone or over "polypro" shirts and long johns for water temperatures down to about 50°F (many brands with moderate prices). For boating on colder water, neoprene wetsuits combined with a "drytop" or a full drysuit are the only way to go. On cold water boaters must wear PFDs at all times, even aboard anchored boats.

Will your boat float if it is swamped? Carry a bailer or hand pump, VHF radio, spare dry clothes, and a boat horn. Attach a whistle or horn to your PFD. Know the latest weather report. Leave a float plan with someone. Watch the boats around you! On cold water we are depending on one another for prompt rescue in case of an accident.

Additional Information

<http://www.enter.net/~skimmer/coldwater.html>
Please visit: Survival in Cold Waters, by Dr. C. J. Brooks, <http://www.tc.gc.ca/marine-safety/TP/Tp3822/menue.htm>
Atlantic Kayak Tours: Coldwater kayaking information <http://www.AtlanticKayakTours.com> (go to Expert Center: Coldwater Safety)

This valuable Safety Information supplied by The Maine Association of Sea Kayak Guides and Instructors, MASKGI. Website: www.maineaseakayaguides.com

COLDWATER AND NO PFD...

NO CHANCE!

Charles Sutherland, 1 November 2006
E-mail: Skimmer@enter.net

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Customers, staff, and volunteers at Ames Landing at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse where 165,000+ people have used traditional small craft since 1988. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

Owen Thomas quoted John Gardner for the *Christian Science Monitor* in the spring of 1988. "What he was telling anyone who would listen then, he is still telling them now. 'Boats are to be used. They're not to be restored, treated as lifeless artifacts,' or poured over by experts like 'taxidermists preparing exhibits of dead animals.' Find the classic boats, he says. Stabilize them so they don't disintegrate further. Then use them as a 'reference library' where they can be studied to see how they weathered and wore. Analyze them, build replicas that people can use in a museum that's 'a nursery of living thoughts' ... He wants people to enjoy boats the way he enjoyed his boats, on the water. To that end, starting May 1 the Mystic Seaport Museum will begin a one-month trial of 'The Boathouse,' a modest collection of 13 classic wooden boats the public can rent to row and sail. And if John Gardner has his way, there will be more vintage wooden boat designs bobbing from port to port, with new passengers and captains discovering what he loved about boats as a boy."

Dennis Schuelkens enjoying a rowing fix in John Gardner's Green Machine featured in the December 1, 2002 issue of *Messing About in Boats*. Dennis provided taxi service, discussing handling characteristics and his model under construction back home. (Sharon Brown Photograph)



Mystic Seaport Museum's Boathouse: A Reflection from 2006

"I'm not an antiquarian," says John Gardner, "... I have no patience with just collecting things, like a squirrel. They've got to enrich our lives in the present and in the future."

By Sharon Brown

Thus heralded the first summer of The Boathouse. Weekly meetings of staff and volunteers spilled out onto the ramp where we sat with other Curatorial Department members including boat builder and supervisor Gary Weisenburger and the Curator Ben Fuller. Overseen by the Museum's general manager Frank Kneedler or the Director of Education Jane Keener or the president J. Revell Carr, we rehearsed the previous week's "events" to equip us with coping strategies for exigencies involving The Boathouse public. Many have since played a part and over the past 19 years more than 165,000 Mystic Seaport Museum visitors have benefited directly from their commitment.

Throughout his life John Gardner enjoyed building, repairing, owning, and using small wooden boats. He was inspired by his father's respect for physical labor and manual skills and enjoyed boyhood explorations under his grandfather's tutelage. On the Maine shores of Passamaquoddy Bay and the St. Croix River outside Calais his exposure was practical and rooted in the everyday rhythm of rural life. "I remember fishing with John," recalled his youngest sister Sallie, reminiscing from her 80s. "He took me fishing. You know that laugh he had. We were going against the tide and I was so scared and he was rowing and he just kept on rowing and laughing and laughing." In his 20s John rowed Amesbury Skiffs and canoed at Maine's Pine Island Camp where he built and sailed a C.D. Mower-designed racing

dinghy now in Mystic Seaport's watercraft collection. In the early 1960s, for his own young family's enjoyment, he designed and built a pram and restored for their use a 29-year-old 18' power dory, giving the hull new life and cruising power with a secondhand Seagull engine to explore Salem Harbor and Massachusetts' North Shore. In his 64th year he brought his 14'4" North Haven working peapod to Mystic shortly after his arrival in 1969. He rowed up and down the river for pleasure and work, finally replicating her with Bill Mills in the White Boat Shop in 1984, donating the original to the museum. As his heart slowed he used boats less, but he was game when an attractive young woman came to interview him for the *Hartford Courant* in 1988. He rowed the peapod built 17 years earlier in his pioneering recreational boat building classes from The Boathouse dock up to the Route 1 highway bridge and back, talking to her all the way. Similarly, a photo shoot for a book jacket put him in the catboat *Breck Marshall* as a passenger and at the oars in his *Little Sister*, the North Haven peapod copy. When Floating the Apple launched their four-oared gig, *John Gardner*, at Mystic in 1994 he was eager to be aboard for the row up to the museum's whaling bark, *Charles W. Morgan*, and back to the DuPont Preservation Shipyard where he posed with the crew for a commemorative photograph (*Ash Breeze* 17(1):21-22, 1995). He anticipated the annual end-of-season upriver run in The Boathouse chase boat and always took a turn at the helm. Into his late 80s his arms were muscular and he enjoyed the opportunity to take the tiller or the oars and move the boat, his grin still there. Memories, photographs, and stories reinforced his childhood initiation. "There is more, or should be more, to boats and boating than the boats," offered John. "The boating experience in its highest form is a social experience in which the joys and satisfactions of boating are extended and exalted in participation with others," (*Ash Breeze* 1(2):7, 1978).

The Boathouse at Mystic Seaport Museum is helping to keep the memory of John Gardner and our maritime history alive by sharing the joy and freedom of using traditional small craft. First marketed as "a lending library of classic small craft," the analogy to a library, esoteric at first thought, is pertinent. As the archetypal librarian is a defender of cultural resources and personal rights, our traditional plank-on-frame craft, one of the last, large, in-the-water accessible fleets, also represent freedom. Freedom of design, construction, and use. To that end, we steward a unique reference collection, including these models: Whitehall(s), skiff(s), dory skiff(s), peapod, Beetle Cat(s), semi-dory, Rangeley Lake Boat, Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat, sailing sharpie, sailing Swampscott dory, Seaford skiff, Riverside Sailing Dinghy, Woods Hole Spritsail Boat, 20' Crosby Catboat replica *Breck Marshall*, 1917 Herreshoff launch *Resolute*, the Herreshoff ketch *Araminta*, and others which rotate from storage, depending on space available and manpower. Honing our seamanship and boathandling skills and sharing with as many people as possible, we rent, offer boat rides, teach boathandling, and run charters through a 95-day summer season, mid-May through mid-October. Colleagues are "The Boathouse Family," a group of dedicated staff and volunteers of all ages and backgrounds who work in close proximity as



Carol Roffey and Sue Rapport beat to the windward mark aboard *Lisa* in the 10-week Tuesday Night Beetle Cat Series sponsored by The Boathouse. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

a team. Our customer service is appreciated by visitors who walk through the open doors, especially those who elect to take a boat on an unfamiliar body of water. In the ten-month period, January through October 2006, 81+ volunteers, including "Princess" Stella Bella, contributed a total of 5,486+ hours to this end. Youth eagerly submit volunteer applications and each comes to possess a personal take on what The Boathouse means. An ownership we share. Sometimes my rosy view comes against the reality and "orders" shake up the crew, scattering them, like spiders on the dock, to unfinished tasks.

Our 2006 on-the-water season began on an overcast Saturday in mid-May. Under the leadership of 15-year-old volunteer Mike Dunn we assembled on the dock and read aloud his Boathouse Blessing (2006 Update). He anointed each boat with a sprinkling of water from a cedar bow dipped in the river as nervous laughter punctuated the solemn moment, our eyes following fingers along the lines of text, which read, "May Neptune and the spirits of Wind, Water, and Earth be with us on this day of days and all of the days of this 2006 season. May these boats be blessed with safety and happiness upon their departure and their arrival. Those of us who have loved these boats with our hearts, hands, and minds are blessed with a bond as strong as any family and may this family be blessed with peace, patience, compassion, and understanding during these upcoming months. May we derive the utmost reward from the smile on a happy visitor's face. May we never forget our responsibility to keep the small craft tradition of America alive. May the unique Spirit of Our Boathouse and of our family accompany each vessel on each voyage of this season. May we never forget what these boats mean to us. They are symbolic of all of those who have shaped their past, present, and future. And at the end of each voyage, may each little vessel turn their bow towards home, and carry all of their precious cargo to shore."

Pelted by a cold rain, Mystic Seaport Pilot Volunteers converted the winter workshop into a public thoroughfare and opened the doors for business at 10:00am. We built a fire in the wood stove and Pilot Adrienne den Tex took a pine plank to the bandsaw and, without comment, spent her weekend tenure

cutting out model hull shapes for eager hands to assemble during June's Small Craft Workshop. Others worked on the docks cleaning boats, rigging Beetle Cats, installing fenders, deploying PFDs and oarlocks, splicing lines, and welcoming the first visitors of our new season, including veteran members Peter and Patricia Bradford of Middleboro, Massachusetts. The slow beginning allowed for slack to prepare the fleet, make minor repairs on rigs, and train new staff. The malady of a boatless winter was officially over. Energy lightened our step and suffused our expectant conversations as we welcomed old customers and showed off the newly painted fleet. Each was anxious to get back onto the water, carefully selecting a favorite boat for the occasion. "Dibs on *Mary*!" shouted Mike, claiming a Boathouse favorite, Rudder's 11' Bob Steward-designed Susan Skiff.

Memorial Day Weekend brought fair weather and lines of people at Lobsterfest on

Lighthouse Point. Entertained by musicians, visitors savored crustacean meals while watching the river parade. Two hundred passengers rode *Breck Marshall* and *Resolute* and 112 rentals departed Ames Landing for a total of 513 people in small boats. A large family from exotic shores now residing near New York City's core spent hours learning to row. Fanning out across the river they stretched our resources, tested our communication skills, and shared an afternoon destined to become a chapter in their family history. When they settled up at the counter we thanked them for choosing to spend part of their vacation weekend at The Boathouse. John was smiling.

The 37th Annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop followed June 3 and 4. The Pete Culler theme featuring his Butternut and double paddle canoes was explored amid the raindrops. Conditions made for a cozy Saturday among participants at the individual lectures. Clumps of brightly clad boaters hung out along the waterfront, sharing boats, teaching and learning new skills. This, the pre-eminent East Coast weekend for traditional small craft enthusiasts, is our favorite of the year, the anticipation of which sustains us through the long winter months of maintenance. Our focus is on the waterfront or the large table in the middle of the shop where children assemble model boats, the clamor contagious and the hours of hammering endurable with earplugs. One enterprising youngster, perhaps on track for an MBA, quickly assembled a fleet and set up with an umbrella before the public restrooms opposite our open doors offering each of his brightly sailed craft to a captive audience for a dollar. Yet another Boathouse lesson. John's caution, "Sharon, it's only human nature," reverberating among the hammer blows.

Chuck Raynor of Richmond, Virginia, recounted transportation travails which he overcame to join us but ceded to "a man from Texas" who drove from Austin with his new boat. With delight, we discovered that the man generating the chatter was John Parker with his wife Susie. Years earlier John, an

John Parker of Austin, Texas, returned in early September to row the Good Little Skiff *Waldo Howland*, the Susan skiff *Mary*, and the Chamberlain Dory Skiff *Raven*. He also paddled *L. Francis*, the Herreshoff double paddle canoe built in 1965 by George Kelley of Hyannis. Here Erica Brown and Nate Funk take care of the lines. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





"Continuing a life long romance with boats," Capt. Granville Beals helms *Resolute*, the 1917 Herreshoff motor launch, upriver on a narrated tour of the Mystic River waterfront. Over the past 13 summers he estimates that he has narrated ca. 10,000 trips. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

engineer, rowed through our fleet week after week while his firm worked on the nearby Jamestown bridge. His replica of Pete Culler's Otter, a beauty and wonderful to row, my smile indefatigable.

It is a pleasure working Sunday morning with veteran volunteer Karel den Tex and Shipyard staff Mark Bernier and Scott Noseworthy, loading the Dyer launch to the gunwhales with coffee, orange juice, and muffins and getting the oars, PFDs, and boats ready for crews. By 7:15am 27 sleepy-eyed staff, volunteers, and attendees departed our docks and struck out for Ram Point off Noank. Chaperoning the parade of rowers, paddlers, and sailors which snakes downriver, is sheer joy. Outstretched arms, eager for coffee, our welcome at the beach. Heads bent, kids beachcomb, clumps of people catch up on the year, and serious hull and construction discussions form around each boat, coffee in hand. All too soon the whale-boats pack up, the cry goes out to clean the beach, and the boats are pushed off. Organizer Peter T. Vermilya, Curator of Small Craft, is traditionally the last to leave as we return the point to the Oystercatchers, and slowly head upriver. Our discussions anticipate summer.

UConn Avery Point English Professor Steve Jones commemorated the first workshop in his book, *Backwaters* (1979 W.W. Norton & Co., N.Y.) and is keeping working watercraft traditions alive from Groton to Mystic and in the heads of armchair sailors everywhere. He stopped by in his electric launch and commented on the harbor vista from our windowed vantage point. Over the years we have benefited from similar visits from John Gardner, George Kelley, Ben Fuller, Ben Swan, Bill Garden, Rob Barker, Platt Montfort, Leo J. Telesmanick, Dick Wagner, Eleanor Watson, Bart Hawthaway, Waldo Howland, Bob and Charlie Douglas, Ken Steinmetz, Larry Mahan, Timmy Larr, Ralph Stanley, Maynard Bray, and others. These low key tete-a-tetes are inspirational. A recognition and acknowledgment of our inability to leave our post and also as a validation of our goals and struggle to stay current within a large institution and in a bewildering context of changing cultural values. Valuable to young volunteers and old salts alike, an affirmation, and the subsequent generous check from the Traditional Small Craft Association vital to our budget and the well being of our collective psyches.

It is a bittersweet ending late Sunday when we take the lines of the last of the boats headed for haul out at Shipyard and the

docks empty. An image from an earlier year of Winslow Behney comes to mind, soloing his restored sloop, his mother, father, and family shelties standing watch on the empty floats, Winslow's progress toward the waiting Shipyard crew imperceptible in the freshening breeze. This year it was young Eben Hearn lingering in the proximity of Boathouse admirers to turn away in answer to the last parental prompting and paddle South. We're pumped for another season, armed to assist and indoctrinate those less savvy about the joys of small craft.

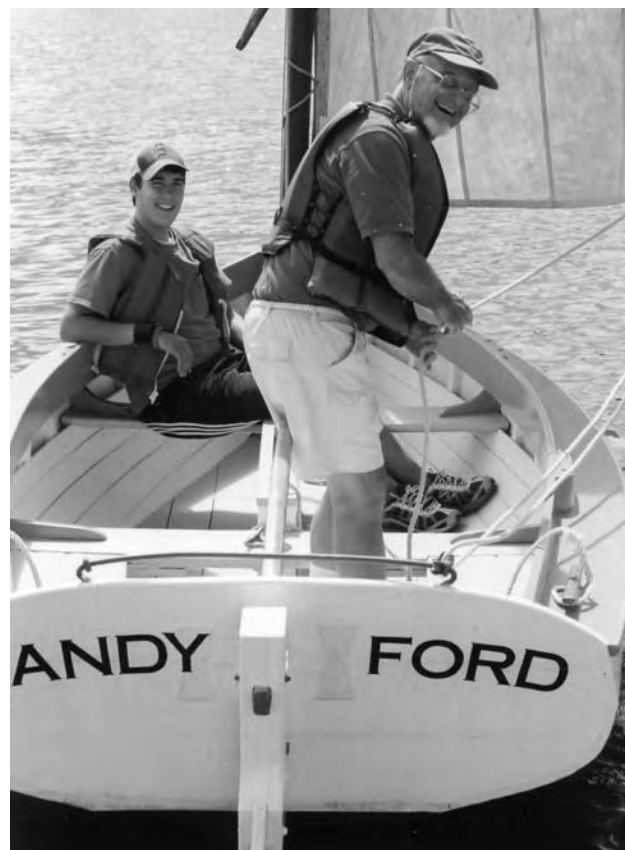
Araminta's shake down sail fell on John Gardner's June 18 birthday, also Father's Day. Capt. Jim McGuire, grandfather many times over, and volunteer Spencer Johnson, also a grandfather, tweaked her up to 7.1 kts. on a circumnavigation of Ram Island. It was a beautiful day on Fishers Island Sound and before turning for home *Araminta* caught the attention of those aboard a modern sloop, *Bagatelle*, Newport her transom hailing port. Safely to bed on her mooring we found The Boathouse bubbling with activity. Capt. Mike Raifsnider sailed *Breck Marshall* with Capt. Brian Hill and repeat weekend visitors with young boys snagged tickets for the last sail of the day. When the night ties were on, fathers Grant Hammond and Frank Tencza took the Woods Hole Spritsail boat *Sandy Ford* out and Boathouse Attendant Bryan Hammond took *Fenwick*, the Riverside Dinghy. They sailed around, tack for tack capturing images on a cell phone, then switched off with colleague Sarah Melchior. This impromptu Father's Day sail finished up with a group playing guitars and harmonica. The next day *Araminta* honored her schedule thanks to the ingenuity, commitment,

Ralph Slater and Robby Cavaliere sail the Woods Hole Spritsail boat, built in Mystic Seaport's Boat Shop in 1973 by Syl Costelloe and John Gardner. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

and knowledge of the winter volunteer maintenance crews under Jim McGuire's dry-witted leadership, the "F" word; i.e., failure, not an option. We watched him with a charter party from Hingham, Massachusetts, take her through the 9:40am bridge opening and turned back to our work, knowing that through a collective effort she was in good condition for a new season which advanced week after week, with details too numerous to recount.

Starting in mid-June 23 people participated in the ten-week Tuesday night Beetle Cat and Portsmouth Handicap Racing Series. A total of 60 races were held, with the last races under reefed sails on a blustery Saturday in late September. The series was won by Ernie Morris of Willington, Connecticut, sailing the museum's *Wilbur Langdon* (Hull #2206, the former *North Star* from the estate of Richard S. Lovelace, Essex, Connecticut) donated by W. Langdon III of Mystic in honor of his father. For the second season Conrad Sailing Program instructor Parker Harris raced on his liberty nights. While waiting to set the start, it is not hard to be impacted by the riverside setting of stately old New England homes and church spires, the rigs of Mystic Seaport's large vessels, and the uniqueness of our wooden fleet. Our race committee boat, the 16' semi-dory *Chaser*, was built in the summer of 1979 by Glastonbury High School teacher Lawrence Jones from plans in John Gardner's *The Dory Book*. Messages to the committee may come by Chamberlain dory skiff and a variety of wooden tenders swing on the moorings while we race. For 18 summers volunteer Chuck Stevens and I have shared the Tuesday evening rhythm of the river on the starting line.

Thirty-four people took the one-day Boathandling Classes offered on Fridays in July and August. Students of all ages and





Life Member Susannah Frew and friends Jordan Fenn-Hodson and Matt Marcus return to the dock after an expedition in the Whitehall built by the Washington County Technical School, Calais, Maine. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

skill levels came from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, North Carolina, and Texas to enjoy a day on the water rowing, sculling, and sailing through the entire fleet. Each class is unique and rewarding for staff and participants. A family set to embark on a missionary assignment spent the day together immersed in New England maritime history to savor during a year overseas. One Friday morning a photographer and assistants met on the dock to select a rowboat for a photo shoot featuring the actress Isabella Rossellini and entrepreneur Dean Kamen, inventor of the Segway for the Sundance Channel, TV Show Iconoclasts. The photographer chose the 10' Chaisson Dory Tender *Peter J.* Capt. Peter Littlefield and volunteer Shelby Farrell on *Chaser* with *Peter J.* on the hip, headed out through the bridge for Masons Island. Off site until mid-afternoon, they earned a generous tip, adding significantly to our income. No donor could anticipate the many ways in which their kindnesses complement the Museum. During an oppressive heat spell a Marblehead Dory Skiff with Ohio registration tied up at our dock. Built by Val Danforth and Barry Thomas in the Museum's Grey Boat Shop in 1977, we invited the crew Pete Laudieri and his son Jonathan Blair to return for the August 4 Boathandling Class to sail with our model, *Morsel*. We learned that Pete took over the dory skiff in 1982 from his father Frank who grew up in New Haven on Morris Cove, sailing extensively on Long Island Sound and New England waters throughout his life. Frank's widow Margaret of Chester, Connecticut, the daughter of a Dutch fisherman, Otto Dykstra, later told how she and Frank were visiting the Seaport and spotted the skiff for sail in the Shop. They had one check to pay for grocery shopping and used it to purchase the boat, a spontaneous decision which had lasting repercussions. *Morsel*, built in the same shop, through a series of owners returned to her roots and The Boathouse in the mid-1990s due to the generosity of John and Jennifer Wilbur of Noank. After waiting out an afternoon thunder squall, Bryan Hammond and Andy Strode sailed *Morsel* alongside her "sister" from Fairborn, Ohio, the first time that we are aware, two Marblehead Dory Skiffs

sailed together on their home waters. During the introduction to the August 18 class students were reminded about John's message concerning people and boats. Unlike the message emanating from the nearby massive yacht with the four word obnoxious name emblazoned on its side and twin 275 h.p. outboards hanging off the tender, generator drowning us out, The Boathouse is all about seamanship and everything mattering. Showing up and being responsible. Fridays begin about 6:30am when I start putting out the equipment for the class. Once I kept a tally on the counter: 35 trips to the floats and 34 back in less than an hour. Good for the body and mind as I survey the equipment and reflect on the history that each boat represents. This, in company with sparrows, hermit crabs, moon jellies, green herons, mergansers, egrets, cormorants, crows, and ospreys. Students take the time to examine the right hand feathering double paddle which George Kelley made to Herreshoff's design and then use it, comparing with other models. Jim Lyko who restored an ancient Beetle Cat, watches from the Seaport Stores Gallery and is inspired to see the river come alive on Friday afternoons with traditional sailing rigs, gaff headed, sloop, cat, sliding Gunter, sprit, cat ketch, and leg-of-mutton. Long after 5pm when the equipment is stowed inside, the night ties on each bow and stern line, and the burgee folded on the counter, tired but animated staff head to make the drop and then home.

There were 27 *Araminta* charters June 19 to October 21, a windy cold finish with repeat customers Barry Hogenauer, his wife Mary, and their niece. Three skippers took 86 people from 12 states and Iceland. With only a moderate

Peter Falvey secures the bowline of the Atkins skiff *George* with a night tie, a locking rolling hitch. (Sharon Brown Photograph)



expenditure, crews of all ages and skill levels enjoyed the helm. Mystic Seaport's Boats in Use Program was conceived to promote active use of classic wooden yachts by exposing a wider audience to their virtues. The 31' ketch *Quiet Tune* became the genesis of this program. Designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and built in 1945 by Hodgdon Brothers of East Boothbay, Maine, she was donated to Mystic Seaport several years ago by Dan Carter of California. In 2001 Mystic Seaport began a program of day charters in Fishers Island Sound through The Boathouse. Two years later William and Elizabeth Pedersen of New York donated their classic yacht, the 33' Herreshoff ketch *Araminta* to Mystic Seaport. *Quiet Tune* was shipped to Maine where she was used in boathandling classes offered by WoodenBoat School and operated out of Brooklin on day charters. *Araminta* was designed by L. Francis Herreshoff in 1948 and built in Boothbay Harbor in 1954 by Norman Hodgdon. She displaces ca. 12,000 lbs., carrying 582 square feet of sail, and a distinctive clipper bow (see also *WoodenBoat* 192 September/October: 64-71, 2006). A fine example of American design and construction she is comfortable, fast, and responsive. Hull speed on *Araminta*, beating out of Stonington Harbor on a brisk southwesterly, rail down, people on shore stop and watch her, and yachtsmen on their moorings pop out of the wheel house to hail. This is what the Boats in Use Program means to participants who are enriched whatever their economic status.

Vignettes warrant highlighting. Two youngsters elected not to sail with their parents and spent the half hour sitting on the bench inside entertained by Stella Bella and Davis Knox on guitar, content to observe the customer flow and participate in the easy banter between staff and volunteers. Joe Dwyer, who recalls sitting on the same bench with Waldo Howland, occasionally sails *Sandy Ford*, stirring up old memories. He is still in awe that a colleague donned bathing suit and snorkel to dive for his prescription glasses which flipped from his shirt pocket as he leant to tend a customer's line. First dive they were found and the pintle from the *Good Little Skiff*, Waldo Howland's transom, before we noticed its absence. A Boathouse Guest Book entry for August 11, "Bryan Hammond, my hero" beside a snorkel and goggle doodle. Some, like the Bradfords, rest on the bench outside on the deck enjoying the control tower perspective monitoring a



Pete Laudieri and Jonathan Blair of Ohio sail the Marblehead Dory Skiff built at Mystic Seaport in 1977 and purchased by Frank and Margaret Laudieri; *Morsel*, from the same shop is sailed by Bryan Hammond and Andy Strode. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

fleet with one runway. From Montreal the Angels, Don, Daniele and Lawrence, check in during biannual Mystic visits. The weather not friendly, we explored the Watercraft Collection in storage across the street and whetted their appetites.

Youth were tested, herding novice rowers and towing them back to safety or out of the busy channel using their prowess at the oars. They returned on days off to sail with friends or show off new skills to their parents. A myriad of images spring to mind, including that of Spencer Butts offering to suit up to free *Resolute's* prop from a mooring line, the whole crew perched forward on her bow to expedite the task, Kate Morrow herding Captain Hook from *Waldo Howland*, Annie Edwards sprinting to the Visitors Reception Center to get change for the till, Bryan Hammond sculling out to the Beetle Cat *Lisa* to help a sailor untangle the sheet from the rudder, Mason Hall running to catch *Breck Marshall* at middle wharf, Davis Knox guiding the peapod from the railway slip, Tia D'Allesandro bolting to the Australia beach to wade in and fend off a deliriously happy family aboard *Elysea*, headed inexorably for a grounding, and Shelby Farrell coaxing a youngster into a PFD.

Seamanship involves old fashioned traits like vigilance, decency, commitment, respect, and responsibility, all values out of favor in today's popular culture. But those we can aspire to achieve, to rejuvenate our sense of self worth and respect, to lead by example. Bill Ames played a big part in our evolution and haunts many good memories. He, Eddy Murphy, Bert Lachmann, and Ginny Colbeth were an inscrutable Sunday Boathouse team and many students recall Bill's introduction to the pleasures of Beetle Cat sailing. He showed off, landing at our dock, now Ames Landing, in his 16' Dyer, Mashnee's launch *H.L. Norris*, with Atomic 4 purring or, nodded in acknowledgment Sunday afternoons as he headed downriver to the Ram Island Yacht Club with Eileen and the LaFrances, the leftover bag of chips from his lunch tucked in his boat bag. This August we were pleased to treat Eileen, his widow, to a *Resolute* tour to Noank with her care-

givers and crew Jimmy O'Connell and Capt. Littlefield at the helm. John Gardner is laughing and so is Bill, John Baird, Jim Jewett, Ken Hodgson, George Kelley, Pete Culler, and others.

We sometimes linger after closing and heron visits to enjoy music, up to four guitars at a time, accompanied by Capt. Hill, who has a "suitcase of harmonicas" and can turn a footstool into a drum. Boathouse talent is not restricted to music and among the crew there are authors, painters, scientists, and sculptures who share their passion. It is rewarding for all of us to see how committed other colleagues are and not afraid to care, to voice an opinion, or be involved with humanity. Making a positive contribution in our society, they lead by example. Some of the younger volunteers are inspired to write about The Boathouse for school essays. These simple pleasures shared.

While we may feel that life is routine and nothing really changes, for some another 12-month period can bring significant changes. Loss. Frank Tencza, Jim McGuire, and John McKelligott each lost their mothers. Art Paine, who hosted us in the Mystic River Scale Model exhibit during winter Saturdays of maintenance, passed away. After a heroic fight Davis Knox lost his dad. Howie took John Gardner's ten-week Boatbuilding Class in the spring of 1973 and built a Pete Culler Good Little Skiff. He developed a love of traditional boats and sailing. Davis and his mother Patty Kitchings created the H. Howard Knox II Endowment Fund for small traditional craft at Mystic Seaport through sale of their Herreshoff *Dolphin*, a Newport 29 design, built in 1914. Bee Guthrie lost her husband, Bob, remembered for his behind the scenes support and strict adherence to correct punctuation and spelling, an editorial exactness masking his creative streak with water colors and his joy sailing *Seven Bells*, a Menemsha 24, with partner Billy Palmer and Capt. Raifsnider. Long time Boathouse supporter Shirley Beal, who rowed our peapod for exercise, lost her husband Harold W. Gegenheimer in October at 95, a sailor into his 90s. Boathouse volunteer Ward Alling II died also in October leav-

ing us with memories of his caring nature, his writings, and lovingly constructed models of various boats common to the river scene. Dr. Morgan Martin, a fixture on the river, at work in the Shipyard Documentation Shop and in the neighborhood, died in November and leaves his wife Mary.

Some changes are obvious and others almost imperceptible. Young Alex Wilcox gained confidence on the water and relishes the helm she once disdained. Mike Dunn underwent complicated surgery to correct an interaction with a jointer during a school shop class and turned 16 as Sarah did before him. The milestone birthday. Youth turn 16, get a drivers license, get tall, get a paying job, get taller, gain confidence, apply to schools, and graduate. Over the 19 years youth have been conceived and grown to 13 years of age to volunteer, and some who first came at 13 have married. The fabric of our riverside life, always in motion.

Capt. Littlefield in costume with family aboard chartered *Resolute* for the downriver Sunday afternoon parade July 23 during the annual Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous. Waving to participants and revelers lining the shore, we joined them from the deck of *Araminta* with Captains McGuire and Raifsnider. At the mouth of the river *Araminta* broke off for a quick sail in company with *Cinderella*, Wil Comer's beautifully restored 35' Concordia sloop (*Messing About in Boats* 22(22):14-19, 2005). This event occurs in a special climate of celebration of fine wooden vessels and honors their stewards. Later we saw *Aphrodite*, *Black Watch*, and *Tigress* head out through the open Bascule bridge together. *Nirvana*, cubed and appreciated by Boathouse youths Evie Ansel and Spencer Butts, who rowed Whitehall to the same opening.

We hosted Leo and Alma Telesmanick's daughter Jean and her family, including two grandchildren who posed for photographs next to the Beetle Cat *Leo J. Telesmanick*. Connecticut boatbuilder Rodger Swanson built us a double paddle quill and made tal-low for our oar leathers. Project Oceanology students sailed with Capt. Hill through wind and rain and called back with accolades for the skipper, happy for the opportunity to experience a catboat rising to the conditions. In 2005 we "rescued" a kayak set adrift by the flood tide and met Story and Jane Redfield of South Carolina who returned this summer to take a month long river front rental. Their grandson spent a week in the Community Sailing Program and Story explored the river, his boat a fixture in the cool of morning and late afternoon and their departure hard to take. Kevin Rathbone and family of Larchmont, New York, a regular at the Small Craft Workshop returned with a friend to sail *Sandy Ford* and later his daughters rowed with his grandson Aiden. First time in a boat, "My try," he pleaded. Pat and Dennis Schuelkens from Allentown, Pennsylvania, returned for one of their semi annual visits. With grandchildren Nick and Rachel they rowed through the fleet, sailed *Breck Marshall* with Capt. Hill and enjoyed *Resolute* with Capt. Beals. Dennis stroked across the flats putting *Green Machine*, the boat he is building, through time trials. Michael and Kimberly Goccia capped a summer on the river by coming to practice rowing which for them began in Art Paine's *Dyer Seven Eleven*, dug out from the weeds behind his garage and repaired sufficiently to sup-



Nick Egle leans into the oars in *Morsel*, storing nautical memories for West Coast winters. (Sharon Brown Photograph)

port their first attempts rowing in a circle past their Marshall 15 *Sanderling*, laying back to clear their heads, shooting under the ramp to their home dock, laughing gleefully. At The Boathouse they started out on the Chaisson Dory Tenders learning a little of the history of their construction and donation and confronting for the first time open oarlocks and the lack of buttons on the leathers. They quickly graduated to the Susan Skiff, *Mary*, and the Butthead skiff, *Skye*. They returned the next day to store up memories for long days of classroom daydreaming. Joining the melee, I herded them from *Captain Hook* and we were serendipitously joined by Tina Huard rowing a new sliding seat shell with carbon fiber oars through the moorings where Bret Laurent's *Rozinante* swung. In the proximity of such a rich variety of small boats, parents Rich and Kathy, snuggled in *Resolute*'s aft cockpit, anticipating the day when the "kids" will join them on an *Araminta* charter.

In the small world department a letter from John McLaughlin of Palmyra, Virginia, recounted the Mystic visit of his neighbors John and Lori Khappenberger. An ex-Mystic resident, John taught Khappenberger to sail on his E.E. Swift designed Woods Hole Spritsail boat *Roberta* (MAIB 18(7):13-17, 2000), built by Pawcatuck firm Taylor & Snediker Woodworking in 1996-97. While his wife sat with a book, Khappenberger sailed *Roberta*'s older cousin, the Crosby model *Sandy Ford* in a fresh breeze, taking photographs to share with John and until the letter, we were unaware of the connection. John Costello sailing *Sandy Ford* with his wife had a premonition as he watched a small boat make a collision course adjustment toward him. The man aboard, came close enough to yell, "Sylvester Costelloe built that boat," and turned to shore. John was spooked and incredulous that we knew from his description that it was Steve Jones in his electric launch. John had something to discuss with his shipmates who were studying the paranormal and Steve later relished the coincidence.

Our pilgrimages include annual trips to Wareham's Beetle Cat shop to observe Beetle construction, the Willy Potts skiff development, and the evolution and launch of Tim Fallon's magnificent 28' C.C. Hanley

catboat, *Kathleen*, built by Bill Sauerbrey and John O'Donovan alongside the Beetle Cat mold. The ferry to Orient Point, Long Island, is a favorite and Andy Langendal hosted us at his Greenport shop and Steve Clarke, the Greenport Shipyard, one of the last real haunts for boat nuts. This trip, not only for boats and Andy, but also in memory of our dear friend Mimi Neary (1933-2003) who was always up for the crossing and the adventure waiting on "Island" public transport (*Ash Breeze* 25(4):16-17, 2004).

We participated in the two-day launch of Steve Mack's Bill Garden-designed Viking 29' double-ended sloop *Phoebe* in late November 2005 and followed her to Newport's 2006 WoodenBoat Show. Her brightwork glistened, alongside her newly restored Old Town tender and in her cockpit, three young people from The Boathouse, committed to the project, wolfed down homemade sandwiches, casting admiring glances across the way to *Kathleen*. Bill Garden of Toad's Landing kindly acknowledged our account in a delightful Tom Cat Card.

With Dr. Rich Goccia of Bridgewater, Connecticut, and Judge Morton J. Siegel of Long Island, we monitored the construction of two hulls in Stonington Boatworks' spacious new shop where Jane Schaefer built a Nutshell pram for her Fish Class sailboat built alongside by partners Ben Philbrick and Bill Mills and attended the subsequent christening party for *Patience*, an exquisite beauty.

We were guests of the Bradfords at their Massachusetts' home to inspect their fleet, marine equipment, library, and the 21' Fenwick Williams catboat taking shape in the garage. They debuted their magnificent gunning dory, *Imp*, built from *The Dory Book*, at the 1994 Small Craft Workshop and brought her to the August launch of the Hammond's O'Day 19, *About Time*, a joyous occasion involving Boathouse colleagues. With *About Time* secure at our dock, seven youth quietly pushed off in the fading light in seven boats with PFDs, flashlights, cell phones, and VHF radios to explore the river at twilight. Our low key hamburger barbecue quietly undertaken in the background of the gala Trawlerfest event next door.

We maintain a connection with those who sail in other waters, like Bob German

who completed the delivery of his St. Pierre dory from Nova Scotia to his Californian home and Huw Evans of Goodwick, Wales, who builds and uses boats on open Welch shores and first corresponded with John Gardner in February of 1985. We accompanied Merv Roberts, Lee Steele, and David Lyon Smith on their surfboat delivery across the Sound from Mystic to Essex on the Connecticut River. And through the pages of *Messing About in Boats* we track Jim Thayer in Colorado, volunteer Richard Ellers of Ohio, and Dave Simonds who worked for many years at the Seaport's Shipyard. Glen and Pat Morrison of Victoria, British Columbia, enroute by motor home from Maine to New Mexico, stopped in October to present a photograph from John Newman's estate, a shot of his rustic Saanich boathouses, a gift from a man whom John Gardner and Bill Garden admired in print many years ago, who continued to row well into his 80s. And finally, John York aboard his Crocker designed yawl, *Jingo*, iced in somewhere on the Cape recalls the friendships he made at Mystic Seaport's Boathouse and phones to leave a greeting.

On Labor Day weekend Stewart Fisher, his wife, and two young children drove to Mystic from their Framingham, Massachusetts home. Without intending to they rowed *Elysea*, the boat that Stewart's uncle donated to Mystic Seaport. Laden with tugboat model parts from the days of volunteer Bob Watts and origami papers from Paula Peterson of Mystic's nautical consignment shop Boat Stuff, Paige, in pink pussycat boots, and Evan, self-proclaimed "Origami King," ran back to exclaim, "Thanks for all the stuff!" They had an unscheduled Boathouse adventure which exemplifies the tenuous thread of historical continuity between those who care about and document traditional small craft. The 16' *Elysea* was donated to Mystic Seaport Museum by Donald E. Fisher of St. Michaels, Maryland, in 1978. Her centerboard case name plate dated her 1973 construction by Sam'l T. McQuay of Tilghman Island who followed the lines for a Boston Ship Chandler's Whitehall published in 1951 in Howard Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft* (W.W. Norton Co., N.Y., p. 199, Fig. 73). This design was used in Boston before 1876, according to Chapelle, and the plan made by Albert Green, a Navy Yard draftsman, was probably taken off the boat by him and used to design a pulling Whitehall for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. "The Boston Whitehall was often fitted to sail and," wrote Chapelle, "was used by harbor fishermen in the 1840s, as well as by the various professional boatmen." In response to an inquiry by Fisher's daughter Katherine in 1990, Ben Fuller, who was the Curator, responded, "I know the boat well... I watched your father, Sam McQuay, and Joe Liener build her when I was the curator at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum." Fisher brought her to the Small Craft Workshop in 1976 and John Gardner included a photograph of her under sail in his September *National Fisherman* column. It was two years later, subsequent to his participation in the 9th annual Workshop, that Dr. Fisher donated her to Mystic, the same year that the late R.D. "Pete" Culler's Rushton canoe *J. Henry* became part of the Museum's collection (*WindRose* 9(4) 1978). Since 1988 she has carried thousands of people on excursions into Mystic River waters,

putting them in touch with their maritime heritage in a practical manner, teaching them immediately about thole pins and grommets, and the tracking qualities of Whitehalls, stretching back over 150 years.

Walking down the dock to prepare *Chaser* for *Araminta* customers, I reach to untie the spring and as I stride for the bow, catch sight of a cricket. It skitters forward, ducking between the planks to safety in a crack, my last view a fleeting image of his shiny little black butt tipped up and legs pushing him down. Gone! It is a message of fall and my luck to be part of a living world. I turn my attention back to the preparation, enjoying each part of it, even repetitious discussions.

We experience "Boathouse moments" which are possible due to the generosity and forethought of those who steward small boats and offer them to Mystic Seaport Museum, which in turn assumes their care. Walking to work I reflect on our good fortune which sometimes comes bittersweet as a memorial or testament to the pleasures enjoyed by a loved one, who has passed away. Family and friends are experiencing untold grief at their loss, as we are pushing off from the dock in another boat and perhaps relaxing a moment, feeling not so anxious about the budget thanks to their generosity. But when we put others on the water, as when Michael and Kim row *Peter J.* and *Mimi* they come alive and we are able to tell them who they were named after as in *Mary*, *Skye*, *Sandy Ford*, *George*, *Skip's Star*, *Leo J. Telesmanick*, *Wilbur Langdon*, *Lisa*, *Helen Packer*, etc. Not only are the boats alive, but so is the memory, the history, and the intent, which will be shared among others.

We're curious when a colleague returns on a day off to sail or row with a relative or "my friend" (especially an attractive one of the opposite sex) as we know that not only is this guest someone special, but also that our colleague shares and talks positively about daily experiences at The Boathouse. As when I muse over a Boathouse moment. Jimmy O'Connell in *Skye* the Pete Culler Butthead Skiff built by Williams/Mystic students with shipwright Tom Jannke and Annie Edwards in the Susan Skiff *Mary* herded two boats with girls aboard to safety. Brave enough to rent a boat, they struggled with the open oarlocks and worked against the wind to return. I tell everyone observing from inside, including the family of the young girls, that one day

when they are in rocking chairs and absently caressing the lumpy ears of the old family dog, the riverside scene will crystallize. "I was there," you'll think, "Those wonderful old boats of my youth." My eyes riveted to the waterfront action, visitors look at me askance, but the kids get it, as they know the effort that Jimmy and Annie put into the successful "rescue." Bravado and ego are quickly nullified, water the great equalizer. Youth gain confidence, learn how to take care of and use a small wooden boat and enjoy showing off or teaching others. There is a simple civility involved, treating each other with respect, a good grounding, and nothing forgiven on the water if you don't apply yourself. A young man, Sean, a self-confessed "schooner bum" from the city, low on cash, was encouraged to "pay later." We rigged *Fenwick* and he enjoyed a good sail, studying her Gunter rig. Later he telephoned his appreciation, enclosed a wonderful note with his payment, and we shared a lesson about trust and generosity.

On Members Day, the last Saturday in September, our services were free to 252 people and canine friends. *Breck Marshall* carried 46 passengers, *Resolute* with *Stella Bella* carried 43, and 67 individual livery boats carried 163 patrons and two dogs, including Maggie, a Taylor & Snediker Boat Shop lab. TSCA member Myron Young enjoyed a tour of the Watercraft Collection and the waterfront vista from the Boathouse deck. We hosted Capt. Beals' guests from Australia and members who rowed came from nine states, New Hampshire to Florida. The Geists of Newington, Connecticut, were first through the door and selected *Whitehall* for a spin. Andy Loman of Augusta, Maine, a 25-year member, made a point to tell us his "young" daughter who used to row with him at the Workshop is now married and a mother. Jim and Marcy Whittier, aged 82 and 78 respectively, who come every Members Day from South Glastonbury to sail a Beetle Cat, rowed out to *Skip's Star* in *Skye* and spent a couple of hours sailing the Mystic River estuary on a beautiful fall day. Ruth and George Peterle of North Stonington rowed through their wake in John Gardner's *Green Machine* (MAIB 20(14):14-19, 2002) and talked boats with staff.

Our season wrapped up as it began, with the help of Pilot Volunteers in mid-October. They attacked the jobs we were reluctant to start. They cleaned the fleet, the docks, the fenders, and started winter maintenance, sanding oars and the first boat hauled, *Peter J.* It was chilly and quiet when they left.

Whenever I try to organize paper into logic, those files labeled "Boathouse+" and "JG" become the thickest so I am bound to omit someone or a special moment as there are daily kindnesses extended over a season which involves thousands of visitors to The Boathouse, only some of whom actually get into a small traditional wooden boat for a waterborne adventure. To colleagues I have omitted, I apologize and urge you to share your stories. To others, when the opportunity presents itself to use a small, traditionally built wooden boat, muster your nerve, grab a PFD and go for it! Steep yourself in the quiet, the lap of the water against the hull, the sound of the wind in the sail, the history of construction, and use, the handling characteristics, admire your passenger in the stern sheets, or indulge in your solitude. You are free to go wherever your skills and heart lead.

Check us out at The Boathouse where we do maintenance Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday though the winter and open for on-the-water adventures mid-May through Columbus Day. Stop by for a visit or join us. Bring enthusiasm, patience, and a willingness to share and learn from people and boats of wood.

What will the future bring? 2007 is a significant anniversary year, the 20th year of operation. What is planned in celebration and how will that significant achievement be reflected in Mystic Seaport Museum's plans, including the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop (June 2-3) and the Wooden Boat Show (June 29-July 1), also at Mystic. John Gardner is laughing and so are we.

(Submitted February 18, 2007)

Capt. Fred Smith oversees *Araminta* chartered by George and Elyn Pardee of Clearwater, Florida. (W. Langdon III Photograph)

Bryan Hammond steadies the boat while Dave Snediker, Maggie, and friend prepare to depart with Sam, tucked down between the rowing stations. (Sharon Brown Photograph)





Blackie on the Thames at New London, Connecticut, August 2007, finishing her second Atlantic circle after an 8½ day run up from St. Augustine, Florida.

Introduction, January 30, 2007

My son and I completed our second Atlantic circle since 1999 in June 2006 when we returned from West Africa after four years cruising there, mostly in Senegal and Gambia. We're here more or less as economic migrants, looking to sell our faithful old boat/friend, *Blackie* (see the classified ads), earn enough to build two African-style pirogues, and return to Gambia in three years for some homesteading and other adventures.

The plan is to catamaran the two 60' pirogues with a one-trip platform and rig, load it with tools, materials, and trade goods, sell the hulls on that side, and use everything else we bring to jump start a life ashore in Gambia, most famous as Alex Haley's *Roots* country.

The attractions of living there are the stuff of another story, one I'm reticent to write since we know what happens to a place once it is described as a paradise. Suffice it to say it is very peaceful and has a lovely climate, kind of a Black Africa for beginners.

In 2004, trying to make a living there, I put together the following article and shopped it around to the sailing magazines without a hint of interest. Most didn't even reply to my inquiries. The one form letter I received made it apparent that unless a person started with \$10,000 worth of photographic equipment, a Pulitzer Prize, and corporate ambition... well, you can see where this is going.

Contrast that experience with *MAIB*. In late January I called Bob Hicks to see if he'd received my \$32 for a subscription and asked if he might be interested in an article. "Wow," he said, "stories like that are the lifeblood of the magazine! (or something to that effect) Send it in." The open simplicity of his response was refreshing and warmed

Lost Boys With a Boat

By Jim Summerlin

my heart. I hope our little tale extends a bit of that flow to yours.

Blackie's Log – One Part

My 20-year-old son Trey and I have lived on *Blackie*, a 26', 50-year-old wooden gaffer for eight years and spent the last three of those in West Africa halfway around our second Atlantic circle. A quick look back at the path we followed, both for the things done well and the mistakes made, may help someone wanting to begin cruising for their first time.

The biggest mistake, and only regret I have, is starting so late. The learning curve was steep for a boy of 12 and an old man of 50 when we first tried the blue water. Even with almost 20,000 sea miles behind us now, we still feel more like pure adventurers than true sailors. That being said, it should also be noted that if we did it, anybody can.

One lesson our example may offer is: Get on with it. Don't wait forever for the "right" boat to come along. I paid \$800 for *Blackie* when Trey was four years old. By the time he was big enough, the boat was as ready as I knew how to make it. She wasn't at all what I thought I wanted back then. But I could afford her and she's given us back way more than she could ever have cost.

Don't get bogged down by the gravity of economics. We left Connecticut on Father's Day 1999 with \$4,000 in our pockets. By careful budgeting and a \$500

loan towards the end, we sailed 10,000 miles in 366 days to the Azores, Canaries, Senegal, Gambia, St. Martin, St. Augustine, Florida, and surprised plenty of folks back in New London.

Less than a year later we left again with \$5,000 to see if the first trip was a fluke and we're still going, so don't let the need for major money stand in your way. Things work out.

That's my advice. Start early. Don't worry about what might happen. And finally, just leave, even if you have to trick yourself into it. The rest will take care of itself. It was easy to trick ourselves when Trey was four and I was re-building *Blackie's* interior to suit "Son, do you wanna sail around the world with Daddy?"

"Yeah, Daddy."

"Sometimes Daddy will get tired and have to sleep a little while. So you'll sit here in the companionway and look around, OK?"

"Yeah, Daddy."

"Then if you see any little lights out on the water, you just come down and wake me up so I can see them, too, alright?"

"Yeah, Daddy."

Of course I thought we'd be leaving sooner than we finally did and built his bunk way too small, but even that mistake worked out OK in the long run. Its narrowness makes it our favorite sea berth. In port we just pile things in the aisle to make it wider.

The following is part of the story of our first passage to the Azores told mostly through Trey's journal at age 14. [My comments appear in brackets].

21 Days to the Azores, We Hope

June 19, 1999: 18:00hrs New London, Connecticut: Today me and Dad said bye-bye to everybody, moved onto the boat, and loaded the dinghy aboard. We'll see just how long it really takes us to get to the Azores.

Day 1, Father's Day, Sunday, June 20, 1999: Made it out of Ft. Trumble Marina about 08:15. Harry waved from the dock and we waved back. Light winds ESE 10 kts. Nice weather. Took my Dramamine so I'm not sick.

[We take Dramamine II ("non-drowsy formula") before setting off, regardless of conditions. Who needs to be seasick and shorthanded at the same time?]

My first watch so far is nifty. *Blackie* goes 60 degrees, sort of. The sun goes down. Rolling Stones on my Walkman. EZ on my mind... except for Dad's snoring. Never mind. That'll be me soon.

Curious sunfish, probably 6' long.



Day 4, June 23: This morning Dad made me breakfast in bed. Cool. 160 miles in three days. Not so cool. Around 1300 we saw one of those giant sunfish. They hold one fin up out of the water so at first you think it's a shark. We're so slow it swam over for a closer look.

I forgot we almost got run over by a ship yesterday. I stuck my head out and saw a cargo ship a ways off. Five minutes later he was much bigger. I woke up Dad. He didn't want to come until I said I was scared. When he saw it, it was really big and he said, "Holy s--t!" We talked to the ship on VHF and it altered course. Good thing!

Day 9, June 28: Light winds. Later, no wind. Today there were about 12 dolphins all around us. Neatest of all, I heard them squeaking. It was real faint, but there!

Day 13, July 2: Good news and bad news. The bad news is there's water in the bilge. From our water tank. Now there's only about five gallons in the tank plus two 5gal jugs in the cockpit. The good news is we are 971 miles away from home.

[Halfway to the Azores? 15 gallons? Good news? That's my boy...]

Day 16, July 5: Lots of squalls my watch. The wind picked to about 40kts in two seconds and overpowered the windvane so we rounded up big time. Dad popped out

naked and got everything down. There were three or four of those in about an hour. No damage done, but we were a little bit scared.

Day 17, July 6: I wake up to Dad yelling, "Trey, put your gear on." When I stuck my head out the hatch there was a 20' swell chasing under *Blackie's* stern. Not very steep but some of the tops were breaking like surf. The sound of the wind howling in the rigging was incredible. We have been sailing under storm jib all last night and now it's blowing 45 knots. We were going down the waves too fast so we dropped the jib and are sailing 4 or 5 knots under bare poles.

13:00 hours: We've put up some sail. That means the wind is dying. Later we look at the log and see the barometer had dropped 16 millibars.

[That 36-hour Force 8 left us 100 miles more north than I wanted to be. The winds were light SE and water was a worry. It was six days since the leak and we had maybe eight gallons left. I made a rain-catcher and Trey learned to make pasta so all the water was absorbed in the cooking. Our antique Volvo MD 1-B, "Thumper", had a water problem, too, in the cylinder but I didn't know it yet.]

Day 20, July 9: A cargo ship passed close today and Dad called him on the radio to tell him we were low on water. After they

talked about it a while they said they would come back and drop some to us. We tried to use Thumper but Thumper wouldn't start. ARRGH! So we had to tack back and forth until I finally got it with the boat hook. There were eight jugs but one was broken. We got 35 liters! Yay!!

[The *Cape Cavo* returned on the agreed reciprocal course and lowered the water in plenty of time to leave it a quarter mile to leeward but the netting snagged the super structure. By the time they freed it the drop was a quarter-mile to windward but the captain, bless his heart, hovered near us for a half hour until we got it aboard. Even though the netting was orange and sported a short flagstaff, in 4' to 6' seas it often disappeared into the midday glare.]

Day 21, July 10: Tonight we had a talk. Dad said (not quite so nonchalantly) "We might miss the Azores, Trey."

"How?"

"We might be too far north."

What he meant was, since the wind is from the SE we might just pass the Azores by and have to go right on to Portugal. It's possible. *Blackie* doesn't sail so good to weather.

[That afternoon we hailed *Blondine* bound for the U.K. out of Bermuda. She'd blown out a mainsail in the gale a few days back. We declined their kind offer of water, as it seemed they had less than we did considering the distances ahead.

Blondine was one of the the yachts on the famous Herb Hilgenberg's "Southbound II" weather net that season and mentioned us during the next Herb Chat as "*Blackie*, out of water and motorless." Even though we were not subscribers (being able to receive but not broadcast on SSB) Herb included forecasts and course shaping for us over the next couple of days.

In vain we tried to follow his advice, a frustrating exercise that helped us form the rule of thumb we now use: "Don't try to be too clever about weather forecasts, boys. You're not fast enough to benefit from them anyway. Just sail directly at the target and take it as it comes." Soon enough we were on our own again.

In every voyage we've made so far there comes a low point when one says, "If I ever get back to land, I will never, ever do this again." That time was a few days away for me yet, but judging by his next remarks, Trey had gotten there already.]

Day 24, July 13: It's very, very calm. The seas are almost glassy out there. Great! Herb's forecast sucks so far! This is really cool, NOT! Yeah, boy! If this is being free, then it's bogus! Here we are, bob-bob-bob-bobbing along like a couple of real "Sea Dawgs." This is stupid.

[But when the wind picked up, so did his spirits.]

Day 25, July 14: Wow! Even more wind today. Steady 10kts. Merry Christmas! I have been reading *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* the last couple days. It's really good. It makes me think about being a pirate.

Day 28, July 17: Good news! We're 200 miles from Horta. We don't want to stop at Flores anymore. We'll go right to Horta ...!

Day 29, July 18: Land Ho! Land Ho! Land off the starboard bow. It's Flores! The first land in 28 days! I woke up Dad. "What's up?"

"I think it's land."

He came up and said, "Well now." Then he saw Corvo so now we're tied for island spotting.



Cape Cavo bringing us some water.

Flores, the westernmost of the Azores.



[Let's back up a bit and see what was going on with me. Here's my log from four days prior, when Trey was at his low point.

Day 25, July 14, 02:30: Nice of the kid to give me an extra hour. I watch a fat glassy oily calm. Zero wind. The boat rocks willy-nilly. The boom crashes back and forth. New rattles are heard. The only good thing is the sun will be up at 03-04-44 (Garmin says so), watching will be over for the night, and I can go back to bed for three or four hours if the slatting (why do they call it that?) doesn't drive me to madness, or worse, up on deck to furl the sails.

Day 29, July 18 06:00: Trey is asleep. He watched most of yesterday as I was trying to rest. I get so tired my bones hurt. We're down to two potatoes and a lemon for fresh stuff. Calms all night. I'm looking ahead to Horta. Maybe we'll see Flores as we go by. GPS coverage is real spotty. It took four hours to get a fix yesterday and it's already been three hours today.

About 11:00 Trey spotted the island of Flores about 20 miles off! Flores to port. The villages, white like flocks of sheep, "V" down to the sea. Others up in the hills. Red roofs. Finally some green to be seen, and closer, the terraced hillsides. Was anyone looking back at us?

Day 29 continued: The GPS has me fried. The main one didn't get a fix in 36 hours. The backup doesn't do any better. It's like we're in a GPS black hole. We'll have to do the 120 miles run to Horta by dead reckoning. There's supposed to be a 7,000' volcano visible 60 miles on a clear day. How far on a cloudy day?

About an hour ago a ship passed us from Flores. Must be headed to Faial. It confirmed our heading; i.e., we're following it. We're dead downwind which sets up a mighty rolling. Not pleasant. Whew! If nothing else goes wrong this is gonna be a rough night! Trey is sleeping. I'm watching. There will be traffic.

Ding! Just a minute. That "ding" is an egg timer set to ring after 15 minutes. Perched on a shoulder and tucked up under one's collar against an ear, it will remind even an inadvertently sleeping watchkeeper that it's time to have a look around. Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-DING.

We were 40 degrees off course. So I sat out in the cockpit and adjusted the vane for five or ten minutes, rolling bad, just waiting to roll down deep and get drenched. Got lucky this time. Guess I should reef the main. We're fast but a little on edge. Reefing is 20

minutes of hard, edgy work, plus getting on and taking off the gear. This begins to seem like an endurance thing. Bitch, Bitch, Bitch.

Finding Faial was the penultimate straw. The suspect GPS claimed it was ten miles off but there was nothing to see. And I mean zero. "How can that be?" I flabbergasted loudly. "This bloody volcano ought to be blotting out the sky!" Lost at sea. Deserted, no, betrayed by the electro-navigators who'd led us 99.9% of the way only to test us at the end.

I told Trey that if the volcano didn't appear I would just keep on going to Portugal or Africa or what ever we hit. I was just trying to cover my truly abysmal insecurity. Patience, faith, preparation. What else is there besides luck to depend on? I spotted it first this time but Flores was still the biggest joy. Faial had been tainted by apprehension.

July 24, at Horta, Faial, the Azores: Very dramatic, these volcanic nubbins. Pretty sights. Craggy, hard edges against the soft greens of terraced fields and plots, pushing up the clouds. *Blackie* is almost home-sweet-home again, changing from quickly loaded passage maker to harbor house with awnings, sail covers, and hatches agape.

"The rule of thumb is the time of cooling down equals the time of passage." That's the famous Nick Skeates of *Wylo II*. English yacht designer, magazine writer, raconteur, ukelele player, and sailor's sailor. His 20-year-old gaff-cutter's shrouds are repaired with U-clamps in so many places it looks like a new way to get to the spreaders. The sheets look like he's been saving up string since he was a kid, and every sail is covered with postage-stamp-size patches on playing-card-size patches hand stitched over and over. This is a deceptive decrepitude only. He came to Horta direct, 75 days out of Cape Town, and will soon single hand on up to England for the much needed re-fit, thereby completing his third circumnavigation. What a guy!

It wasn't such a bad passage after all, for a first crossing. Nothing much broke and all the little accumulated knots of aggravation unraveled pretty easily. Nick was right though. It took almost 30 days to cool out and get ready to make the next hop. Trey's experience of making port outshines any doubts, depressions, and bitching I fell victim to at the end. Back to Trey.]

Day 30, July 19, 1700: We have 10 miles to Faial but we can't see it yet! Even with a 7,000' volcano next door. Dad's Bogus!

18:30: Dad spots something off to port. Just when we lost hope of ever seeing land

again, there it was, looking like a cloud. I can't see it yet!!

20:00: I'm going to sleep now. I can see the island.

22:00: Back on watch. The lights on shore are pretty cool looking! I plot every 30 minutes because we are going to heave to tonight and see what's what in the morning. Ding! Plot. Ding! Plot.

00:30: I wake up the old man and he heaves us to. Blessed sleep.

Day 31: More sleep.

Day 32, the last day, July 21: My watch now. It's 01:00hrs. Still dark out. The lights are really pretty. Lots and lots of lights on the coast. I'm really excited now.

04:30: The sun comes out on the ominous rock. It's gorgeous to see it. Now I'm so excited that I can't stay down below for two minutes anymore, even if I read *Tom Sawyer*! I woke up Old Bones down there sleeping away the hours like we were already in port. By 06:30 we had showered and were clean, clean pirates!

11:30: We pull into port Horta. The volcano, Pico, is some thing else. Quite a sight to see. 7,000' tall, sticking through the clouds. Here we come into harbor motoring and make a circle around someone on a black boat. He waves and quickly gets into his dory and rows over. His name is Nick. His boat is *Wylo II*. Nick says to anchor over there and that the bottom is rocky. "Good old rock-pick'll make short work of this," says Dad. Anyway 2½ hours later we are anchored and re-anchored and re-anchored in a good spot. What a thrill to be here.

[What kind of 14-year-old kid still talks like that and means it? That's my boy.]

Sometimes moving a small boat around is like traveling by avalanche and each voyage seems to require just about everything that one is able to give to it. But for all that, we wouldn't trade the time we've spent doing it for anything. This "hard camping," as we think of it, allows us to visit places we never could have afforded if we didn't have our little boat for a home and affords us times spent together we couldn't have bought with all the dollars in Disneyland.

There are three sorts of people, those who have nothing to do with boats, those who use their boats, and those who only work on their boats. Don't spend too long in that third category. The old man says you've got the boat you've got because that's the one you could get when you got it. And no boat is your last one.

Nick Skeates' *Wylo II* at Horta, Faial, Azores.



Pico way back there between the "ominous" rock and Trey.



My last log entry: "Wednesday, October 4, left lock seven 7:30am, clear with sun haze. River little current with evident 1' drop in river level overnight. (1' of wet area on lock wall). At mile 296, Bradleys Bend, spectacular sharp rock cut turn. Arrived Carthage, Tennessee at 12n, no place to tie up below dam without lots of current. Decided to go up Caney Fork River with its lack of current. Easy landing on mud bank. Tied up bow to tree and anchor in mid-river. To overnight before passage through dam in morning."

This log entry marked the unexpected end of a two-week trip up the Cumberland River from Clarksville (mile 132) on our 23' Aquarius sailboat. *Destination*, the last navigable town on the Cumberland at mile 381 in Celina, Tennessee. With only one more dam to go through and ease in our upriver travel by motor, having left the mast and sails behind, we expected a quiet night awaiting morning passage through the last lock. However, this last lock and dam, the Cordell Hull, did require pre-arrangement with the lockmaster downriver at the Old Hickory lock and dam over 100 river miles away, as it is usually not manned. Commercial tow traffic is rare on this section of the river and we had not spotted any recreational or commercial traffic all day.

Noting 5' of clearance by depth finder, we tied up on the "quiet" Caney Fork, pleased we were indeed far from any residential private housing, and proceeded to "land" our two dogs, make supper, and bunk in for the night expecting passage through as pre-arranged the next noon.

I was rudely awakened by my husband, Bob, around midnight announcing none to quietly that we were "aground." He had wakened as usual for that midnight "pee" and when it didn't splat on the water he knew something was amiss. I suggested that I could release the bow line to shore and he could pull us out, our usual procedure, into deeper water. Upon coming out onto the forward deck I soon saw in the dim moonlight that we were indeed aground. I told Bob that I had released the line but that I was going to get off the boat and as he pulled aft I would attempt the push off from land. Well, only a lurch resulted, a bit starboard, and I could see only mud beneath the bow.

Bob requested that I try to walk down the bank aft to raise the rudder as he would then continue to pull back into deeper water. Upon climbing down the dark bank feeling only more mud, I found myself at the stern end of the boat looking UP. The stern was perched on several tree stumps at least 3' above the then receding river water. One of the tree stumps did indeed look to be suspiciously embedded in the fiberglass bottom, but we secured the boat to shore from further lurching to starboard. We decided to try to sleep and await the morning light and the hopefully rising Caney Fork River level and, with luck, float off these tree stumps and still make our noon lock appointment.

We later learned Caney Fork also had a dam upstream and that levels were often dramatically changed, up to 10', in anticipation of increased rainfall etc., to maintain water levels on the lower Cumberland River's more populated Old Hickory Lake area.

The picture was taken at 6am Thursday daybreak after a very restless attempt at sleep. The river was rising noticeably, however, and we did manage a light breakfast and constant lookouts at shoreline check-

Out on a Limb

By Jean Bloom

points as the water rose. The water rose to the hull around 8:30am and we were sure that we could shove off any time. Then the word came from inside the boat, "Jean, my feet are getting wet!!"

I started bailing and Bob frantically looked for the source of water. This was finally found under the cockpit folding step. There it was, an orange bottom painted tree stump at least 3" inside our boat. Bailing continued as Bob tried to pressure patch around the tree stump with anything flexible. It became apparent within the half hour of such attempt that we were not gaining on the water inside the boat. The decision was made to abandon boat and then began the selection of what was to be removed and carried far up the riverbank. Calls on the radio or cell phone were not productive. No answer on the marine radio phone (we had been informed radio contact was rare this far upriver) and my cell phone displayed no service bars.

With all removable electronic equipment moved to higher ground, the next decision was what to take on our now land trip to find assistance. I grabbed the small shopping cart and filled it with bottled water, Bob's diabetic insulin and meds, and snacks, leashed the two dogs, and began climbing the riverbank. Once up the 15' bank we found ourselves on the edge of a mowed extensive hayfield with a small airplane hanger fairly nearby and two homes and barns about a mile away. Such a wonderful sight to see!

It was a very hot trek across the fields and I was a very disappointed Mrs. Bloom to find no one at home. Returning to the barn and my slower moving husband, I found him talking with a young man he had located in one of the barns. At this point I was able to find that I did have phone service and called the lockmaster at Old Hickory to report that we would not be able to make our noon appointment at Cordell Lock and Dam. Upon my reporting our condition, he first asked if we were okay and then unknown to us called the local water rescue to our Caney Fork location.

Our new human contact, the hay baling farmhand, knew, of course, our exact location and we immediately called our friends from Clarksville who were also in the middle Tennessee area traveling to a family reunion. Our request of them was to somehow use their car and return to Clarksville for our boat trailer and any "boat raising stuff" we could find. At this point a couple appeared on a 4x4 Kubota reporting that they were the land owners and that they had heard by scanner of the request for water rescue at their location on the river. We were returned to the boat location to await water rescue by 4x4, thank heavens, missing the long trek back in the increasing heat.

Water Rescue, three young men in an aluminum john boat, soon appeared and tried to bail out the boat with the local landowners small gas bailer with no success. In the meantime, remaining articles of gear were removed up the riverbank. They then pried the boat off the tree stump with a piece of lumber from shore and after several attempts did raise the boat off the impaling tree stump only to see the boat then sink 3' further down into the river water, covering everything inside including our 9hp Honda outboard

motor. Further bailing was then set aside to await getting the trailer, a much larger electric bilge pump, and patching materials.

As we packed gear into the landowners', and by then our new friends', truck, our Clarksville friend arrived with plans to gather us up, feed us royally at the family reunion, and let us return to Clarksville the next day in his own truck. We ate well that night on fried catfish, hushpuppies, and lots of gooey deserts.

On Friday, October 5, we drove the 200 miles to Clarksville, picked up our trailer, and spent the rest of the day locating gear to raise the boat out of the Caney Fork River. Bob found several sources of large tractor inner tubes thought to be helpful raising the hull when inflated. He was sent out back of a local tire shop to the mountain of disposed inner tubes and was told by the owner, "Steal all you want... I don't need any of them." Many were selected along with a small wheelbarrow inner tube we spotted when leaving, thought to maybe be inflated and stuck right into the hole itself.

On Saturday, October 6, we returned to the Caney Fork River site to find our new friends, the owners of the river site, already at work bailing out the boat with a very large electric bailer. "River went down again last night and thought we should get right at it... stuffed a small kleenex package into the hole and started bailing." The boat was AFLOAT without the use of all those large inner tubes. However, that one 10" wheelbarrow tube did come in handy. It was placed over the tear in the hull inside with the flap forced down onto the tube with a small frying pan and then pressure jacked to the cockpit floor.

Another gentleman, a close neighbor, was assisting and thought his small boat might just start and be able to tow our Aquarius to the local boat ramp which was on the Cumberland only a couple of miles away. We knew of this ramp and had checked it out for possible mooring on October 4, but it had no dock nor mooring tieups and lots of current, so we abandoned it as possible overnight mooring. The neighbor's boat started, "haven't had it running for two years." Our boat was towed without incident the two miles to the dock and placed on our trailer. The kleenex package was still stuffed in the hole.

Miraculously we were on dry land only two days after our unexpected stay on the Caney Fork River, over 200 river miles from our departure site in Clarksville. Miraculously we had our trouble alongside the property of some amazingly creative thinking and generous folks. Miraculously we were fed another great southern meal at our Clarksville friend's family reunion. Miraculously the Honda motor started after being submerged for at least 24 hours in the river.

And miraculously we have again relied on that Southern hospitality. We have been traveling on the southern rivers, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland, for the past six years in an old houseboat and now our 23' sailboat. We have relied on that southern hospitality many times during several breakdowns and again find the words spoken during one of those down times, "when you're on the river, you're family," to be again proven miraculously true.

Special acknowledgments to the following for our Caney Fork rescue, for without them we would still be on the bottom: Carthage Tennessee river rescue squad; Tom



and Mary Upchurch of Elmwood, Tennessee, on whose riverfront we landed and who engineered our rescue; Phil Upchurch, owner of Smith County Hardware, who loaned the big electric bailer; Terry Harville of Elmwood, Tennessee, whose boat towed us to land; Pete and Sue Smith who fed us and put us up for two nights (relatives at a family reunion); Mrs. Ratchford, owner of the Tire Shop in Clarksville, for all the inner tubes we needed; and finally Chris and Rhonda Bible who continue since the year 2001, when on our first Mississippi River trip we broke down in Clarksville Tennessee, to teach us about true southern hospitality.



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February 14, 2007: Now for all you folks who were not at the sailing club when the Fire Department, the Fire Chief, the Sheriff's cars, and the ambulance arrived, well, it sort of went like this. The high school guys were smart enough to be doing homework. It was windy but Rob Alejandro, Dean and Sam, the Laser nuts, knew you have to sail in this kind of stuff to learn how to manage it. Mike Warwicke clocked the west wind at the dock as 18 gusting to 20.

Rob was the first out with a full rig and was handling it nicely. Alejandro was next. He had more trouble getting rudder down and things set up but then was sailing even better. Sam was launching his boat and trying to keep it upright while Dean was rigging the 4.7 and we noticed that Rob was over for a fairly long time and figured he was stuck in the mud. Sam turned his boat over on the beach so the sail wouldn't thrash itself to death and Dean and Sam went for the Whaler that was tied to the dock. By the time we found the key Rob was up and going again. So they were back to get the boats going again and for a while we had everyone blasting around. Rob came in first and then Sam. The other two were sailing all over the place.

Laser Sailing... It Sorta Went Like This

By Sam Chapin

The 4.7 is really fun to sail in wind and waves like this, because it goes like a rocket. It feels under control which is sure not the same with the full rig.

After a little bit Mike Warwicke, who was standing by as our safety officer, spotted a boat over down by Eustis. Then Rob and Mike cranked up the Whaler and went to the rescue. Sam remained behind to take care of the dock and pretty soon the Eustis Fire Department truck and Fire Rescue boat arrived with the Fire Chief, Roy Tremain. The Commodore had sent a letter to the Fire Chief making sure they were welcome to use our ramp for rescue or training exercises and Sam thought, "Wonderful, they have come for a training exercise launching with some waves and stuff." So he went over to see if they needed anything and found them on the handheld radios checking on a boat that was turned over down by the city. Sam told them

we had a motor boat out to get them in and just then we could see the Whaler coming back and two Laser sails rocketing along behind it.

By this time two Sheriff's cars and an ambulance had joined the group on the dock. More checking on the radios to be sure that there was not another boat out there to get picked up and then we got the fire boat back on the fire trailer. Everyone was thanked for coming to our aid and away they all went.

Now what happened? Alejandro decided, because everything else was going so good, he was going to gybe but he didn't get the vang off and the boom stuck in the water after it came across the boat. One big splash and now he was swimming. Enough force going down and he got the mast in the mud and had trouble getting it up. Dean turned the 4.7 over to help Alejandro turn the boat around and they were both in the water holding the boats and trying to get the radial to swing around. Dean thought they almost had it done when help arrived.

Chief Tremain and his many helpers were thanked for their help. They were happy with the recovery.

Sam will send sail tech info.

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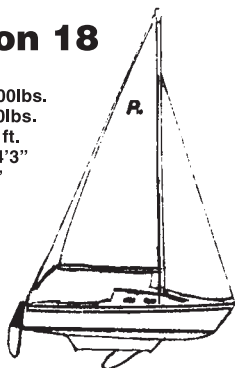
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We were spending the weekend at the rustic cabin we had built in the woods of central Maine. Our friends Edie and Rob were staying with us. We decided to venture out on nearby Long Pond in the Belgrade Lakes district a few miles away. Long Pond is abutted by rolling foothills. Its name belies Yankee understatement because though narrow, it is several miles long.

The weather was hazy, hot, and humid with little breeze. A small wooded island near the opposite shore beckoned as a destination. There were quite a few cabins and some substantial multi-story "camps" around the shore but the woods pressed in close behind them. The playwright Ernest Thompson wrote *On Golden Pond* based on his summer adventures growing up on Long Pond and its sister lakes, although the film version was shot at Squam Lake in New Hampshire.

We couldn't all fit in the Snark so we decided that Edie and Rob would rent a canoe at the boathouse and Frann and I would sail the Snark. Edie and Rob got themselves outfitted with canoe, paddles, and PFDs while we got the Snark off the roof and got the rigging ready. We were able to park close to the gravel beach graded into a ramp for trailer launches. We were ready to sail by the time Edie and Rob arrived and we all shoved off. The wind was so light that Edie and Rob outpaced us, though they were canoeing novices.

The Desert Island

Soon we had crossed the lake and scouted around the shore of the island for a landing spot. About an acre in size, the island was extremely rocky without any obvious landing spot. Boulders and bedrock jutted up two feet or more every place we looked, preventing us from beaching the boats. Eventually we tied our painters up to some low blueberry bushes and scrambled up a shallow rock ledge. I didn't have to de-rig the Snark as the wind was nearly calm near the shore.

There was no habitation on the island, no house, clearing, dock, or boat. The only signs that people had been there were a piece of fishing line hanging like a cobweb from a gray birch branch and some cigarette butts and bottle caps. Trees were thick on the island with tall dark evergreens sprinkled in among the birches. It amazed us that the trees could thrive here as there was very little soil. Tree roots slithered like pythons from one soily crack in the bedrock to another. The walking was tedious so we found a spot where several rocks popped up like stools and sat down for a snack.

As we dined Edie noticed a large insect clinging to a rock at the water's edge. We stooped down for a closer look and saw an adult dragonfly emerging from the splitting shell of its nymph carcass. It was resting now but clearly alive, pulsating slowly. We watched it from our rock stools as we finished our lunch. In the distance we heard the rumble of thunder. It sounded far away. Rob looked at me with concern and asked if we should get going but I said that we had plenty of time to get back. I was curious to see more of the island and to watch the emergence of the dragonfly. After a couple more thunderclaps, louder this time, Frann and Edie, too, suggested that we get back to the mainland.

So we packed up, grabbing a couple of bottle caps and cigarette butts we found. Frann and I have always followed the Boy

Snark Bytes

Lightning on the Lake

By Rob Gogan

Scout rule to "leave the wilderness cleaner than you found it." Edie and Rob scooted out in their canoe and paddled off quickly. The air was nearly calm and it took Frann and me a few minutes to float the Snark out of the lee of the island. The sky got progressively darker as the clouds grew thicker. At last we caught some air and made headway until we were in the middle of the lake. Though I had hoped for a healthy zephyr to catch us sailors up to the paddlers, Edie and Rob beat us back to shoe before we had passed the middle of the lake.

I stared intently at the luff of the sail trying to keep it as full as possible. Though our hull was not progressing fast enough to make bubbles, the movement of detritus and pollen on the water's surface showed that we were still making progress. As I eagerly studied the sail and water's surface I saw Frann's face brighten suddenly and her mouth open. A deafening thunderclap textured with hundreds of ripping, tearing boomlets made plain the reason for her terrified expression. Frann pointed in horror at the lake shore beyond the island we had just left.

"A huge lightning bolt just hit over there," Frann said. "This is probably a bad place to be with an aluminum mast sticking up above the water like a lightning rod." To her credit, Frann's voice showed no hint of panic, though I found out later how terrified she was. We dropped the sail, pulled out the mast, and raised the daggerboard. I have since learned that although lightning strikes on boats are fairly common, the principal hazard is to electronic instruments on board and not to people. The lightning is powerfully attracted to the water beneath the boat and will take the most direct route to get there. It may punch a hole in your hull in its rush to find the water and zap any wiring on its way through, but it won't electrify the entire boat and the people on board.

The Value of Alternate Propulsion

In a flush of shame I realized that I had committed the unpardonable sin of failing to equip my boat with alternate propulsion. I remembered my grandfather telling me the minimum safety gear specified by the U.S. Power Squadron, bell or horn, bailer, PFDs for all on board, OAR or PADDLE in case of failure of primary propulsion. What an idiot! I quickly thought through our limited options.

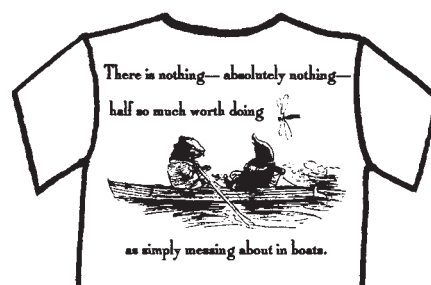
I could pull out the daggerboard and try to use that as a paddle, we could reach over the side and paddle with our hands, I could jump in the water and swim, towing Frann in the Snark behind me. I considered waving to Edie and Rob for a tow but it didn't seem fair to bring them from the safety of the shore out onto the water as the air crackled with greater and greater likelihood of lightning. So I slipped out the daggerboard and began to paddle.

It is surprising how fast one can go with a daggerboard paddle once the adrenaline starts flowing! My pace was quickened by the knowledge that, with the mast out, Frann's and my heads were now the tallest points on our boat and the likeliest spots for

a lightning strike. After our sluggish sailing pace, my mad paddling seemed speedy and the distance to the shore diminished rapidly. Good thing, too, as a distinct squall line marked by a curtain of rain had started across the lake and already had passed the island. We felt a few fat raindrops and saw them exploding on the water in white crowns. Thankfully there were no more thunderbolts until we reached the shore.

Soon we landed and pulled the hull half out of the water. We ran up to the car and joined Edie and Rob, already inside. We watched the squall line approach and pass over us, buffeting the car with high fluky winds and walls of rain. It's a good thing we got back when we did, otherwise the Snark would likely have swamped in this weather. We watched a large pine branch and millions of leaves and pine needles blow down around the launch area. The rain subsided after ten minutes or so. At least an inch of rain had fallen, nearly filling up the hull of the Snark. We bailed it and the canoe out, returned the canoe, and headed back to our camp for a supper and a change of clothes.

Ever since then, to this day I have never set out in a sailboat without a paddle. Sometimes one needs to have a close call to take safety gear seriously!

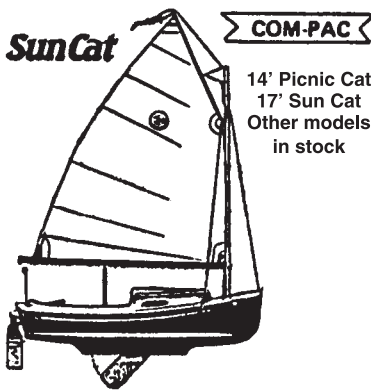


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In October of 2003 I decided that I wanted a more family-friendly boat. I had been rowing and sailing a Swampscott Dory for the previous two years. The dory was beautiful to behold but didn't sail very well and was crowded with three people aboard. I spent many happy hours during the winter of 2003-2004 looking at pictures of beautiful small boats on the internet. I started at the *WoodenBoat* magazine forum web site and followed dozens of links from there.

My criteria were that the new boat had to be beautiful, safe and easy to sail single-handed, comfortable for day sailing with four adults, trailerable (able to step the mast and launch single-handed), able to accept a small outboard motor, roomy enough to sleep two people in camping conditions, and small enough to fit in a single-car garage.

At some point I stumbled upon a photograph of a Marsh Cat 15 designed by Joel White. The photo was on the "My Wooden Boat" web site. The boat was *Jane*. The owner, Doug Gray, lived in Maryland not very far from me. My first impression was that here indeed was a beautiful small boat that seemed to fit most of my needs. But I had never sailed a catboat or any boat with a gaff rig, and I had some reservations about being able to launch and retrieve the boat and sail her single-handed. I wrote Marsh Cat on my short list and kept looking. When spring arrived I had my list down to four boats, Marsh Cat 15, Core Sound 17, Pathfinder, and Chebacco 20. The Chebacco 20 wouldn't fit in my garage but I liked many aspects of the design.

In June Meg, Carly (my wife and daughter), and I took our dory to the John Gardner Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport. While standing on the dock admiring many of the boats, I struck up a conversation with another enthusiast. We talked about favorite designs and the fact that I was trying to choose a better family boat. I mentioned my list of candidates and, much to my surprise, he told me that he owned a Marsh Cat and I definitely needed one, too!

Somehow I had crossed paths with Pete Peters. No one had introduced us. And I had no clue that he owned a Marsh Cat. I guess that bears mention in the "small world" category. Pete and I talked several more times over the course of the weekend. I introduced him to Meg and Carly and he wasted no time in telling Meg that our family absolutely needed a Marsh Cat. There was no question in his mind. It was a simple fact. By the time we left Mystic the Marsh Cat was first on my list. When I got home I ordered a set of plans from the *WoodenBoat* web site.

I studied those plans in detail and tacked a copy of the sail plan drawing on my office wall. Later that summer I got in contact with Doug Gray and arranged a visit to see *Jane*. The plan was for the family to go out day sailing with Doug on the boat. When the day came the weather was uncooperative, so we ended up sitting in the cockpit while Doug picked right up where Pete had left off. He'd owned many sailboats and *Jane* was his favorite by far. There is no finer family boat to be had. And he knew just who should build one for us. It should be the Big Pond Boat Shop in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Doug assured me that they had completely satisfied him, and that was no small task.

Jane was, to put it simply, an exquisite boat. The craftsmanship was evident at first glance. And, as Doug pointed out some of

Long Distance Boat Building

The Story of the Marsh Cat Comfort

By Doug Oeller

the smaller details I became even more impressed. Finally, much like a salesman closing a deal, Doug offered to serve as a free consultant during the construction process. He would help me with decisions about hardware, rigging, and any changes to the plans I might want to consider. Meg, Carly, and I drove home that day excited at the prospect of commissioning a new boat. But I still wanted to sail a Marsh Cat before making a commitment.

Summer slipped by quickly and my chance to sail a Marsh Cat didn't come until October of 2004. I drove to St. Michaels, Maryland, to attend the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. When I arrived Saturday morning I walked out on the dock and who should I see but Doug Gray sailing by in *Jane*. I hailed Doug. He sailed up to the dock to pick me up. We spent the next hour sailing around the harbor while he gave me a lesson in how to handle a catboat. Honestly, it was easier than I had expected. The Marsh Cat has a light and responsive helm. She tacks with a minimum of fuss. And, maybe because there are no jib sheets to worry about, it all feels very calm and "civilized."

During our sail that day we came upon Pete and Gretchen Peters in *Obediah*. We sailed in company for awhile and Pete promised to take me for a ride in his boat later. That afternoon he made good on the promise. Meg, Carly, and I took a short cruise in *Obediah* with Pete and Gretchen. I was impressed that the boat did not feel crowded, even with five people on board. The wind was light by then but *Obediah* had no trouble tacking. I returned home Sunday night with my decision made. It was time to order a Marsh Cat.

Those of you who enjoy building boats might well wonder why I didn't just build the Marsh Cat myself. After all, I had the plans and I had a garage. The sad truth is that I don't have the talent. There are some things that I do well, but boat building does not appear on that list. I built a lapstrake plywood canoe from a kit once. And, after doing many things twice and spending countless hours sanding out my mistakes, I learned an important lesson. For me, the joy is in using the boat, not building it.

I chose Big Pond Boat Shop for several reasons. First, I knew they had already built a Marsh Cat and I was impressed with the quality of work that I saw on *Jane*. Second, at that time the exchange rate favored the U.S. dollar. Third, they had a professional-looking web site and responded to my email inquiry promptly. And finally, this would give me an excuse to visit Nova Scotia.

Although I began my contact via email, much of the early contact with the builder was by telephone and surface mail. Big Pond is a "mom and pop" business run by Keith and Pat Nelder. Keith does most of the building along with one hired helper. Pat does the painting and some of the varnish work. She also seems to do much of the administrative work. Keith and I had a couple of conversations wherein

he explained the options I might want and I suggested some ideas of my own.

One advantage of having a boat custom-built is that one gets to make some changes to the plans. For this project the most important change, from my perspective, was to incorporate a hinge into the mast. I first saw this design feature in the Compac Suncat 17. It allows one to keep the boat rigged at all times, even when trailering. The hinge is above the point where the gaff rests with the sail furled. To "unstep" the mast, all I do is disconnect the forestay. The mast folds down on top of the boom, sail, and gaff. A heavy-duty fabric cover that can withstand highway speed then protects this entire bundle. I wanted the hinge to be hidden within a hollow wooden mast. Keith was undaunted. He came up with an elegant idea (later I learned that Marshall catboats use a similar idea), emailed a drawing to me, and gave me an estimate of the cost.

Other changes included a "Bolger type" endplate on a barn door rudder in lieu of the kick-up rudder shown on the drawing, a metal bracket at the masthead to attach the shrouds to the mast, an adjustable centerboard uphaul, and seats. The decision about seats was a compromise. The plans show an open boat very similar to a Beetle Cat. *Obediah* has seats. *Jane* does not. Having sailed in both boats, I decided to include seats in mine. The advantages of not having seats are many, lower cost, lighter weight, better visibility under the boom, more room for camping or sunbathing, and the coaming provides a comfortable back rest.

The main disadvantage, in my opinion, is one of ergonomics. For me, the straight leg seating position quickly becomes uncomfortable. Also, I needed to raise my arm up to reach the tiller while sailing. And finally, there was no quick and graceful way to move to the other side of the boat when tacking. I have to stand up, walk on my knees, or slide across on my bottom. When Keith and I discussed this decision he suggested that the seats should not extend further forward than the rear of the centerboard trunk. This is long enough to accommodate two adults but still leaves room forward to sleep one person on each side of the centerboard trunk. The sleeper's legs extend forward under the deck.

Once Keith and I had agreed on a plan he mailed me two copies of a contract, one for me to keep and the other to sign and send back. The contract specified the changes I ordered, the price for the project, a detailed list of what was (and was not) included for that price, and a delivery date for the completed boat. We agreed that I would make quarterly payments as work on the boat progressed. The first invoice was attached to the contract. The final 25% would be paid when I took delivery of the boat. Keith would send me photos of the boat as the work progressed over the winter. We set the completion date for "on or before June 1, 2005." I would drive to Nova Scotia to pick up the boat.

I mailed the contract and my first payment on November 2, 2004. The first photos arrived by email shortly after Christmas. They showed a mold set up with ribbands that would give the cold molded plywood hull its proper shape. The email photo documentation continued every two or three weeks during the construction process. I copied the photos onto the screen saver of my computer at work. People began dropping by to follow the progress of the project. The initial

progress was very quick. By mid-January the hull was complete and turned upright. The project was 25% complete and I mailed the second check.

Also in January Keith and Pat contacted a local sailmaker to place the order for my sail. The plans specify a sail area of 152 square feet. I received advice from multiple people that, because summer winds are often light in the Chesapeake Bay, I should consider ordering a taller mast and a larger sail. I chose to stay with the original plans instead. The contract included a white Dacron sail but I was offered the option of choosing other materials or colors for an additional fee. I decided to order cream-colored Dacron.

As January drew to a close I also started making decisions about the hardware and rigging. The plans specify wood shell blocks with bronze bushings from the Dauphinee Company in Nova Scotia. We learned that the company was no longer making these blocks but Keith persuaded them to build a few for this project. For the rest of the hardware I relied on internet shopping. With help from Doug Gray, I found J.M. Reineck & Son in Hull, Massachusetts, for bronze blocks and cleats, Pert Lowell in Newbury, Massachusetts, for a bronze centerboard exit block, and Classic Marine in Suffolk, England, for a leather gaff saddle. My Visa card statement for February was a bit unnerving. In response, the company raised my credit limit.

February and early March were a slow period in Big Pond as Keith and Pat took a

mid-winter break. But when the next photos finally arrived in mid March they were exciting! The hull was fiberglassed inside and out, painted with primer, and construction of the floors and interior frames was completed. The invoice for the third payment, dated March 31, arrived in early April. By then the boom, gaff, tiller, and rudder were complete. In response to this invoice I sent Pat an email with a photograph of the check. I thought she might enjoy the joke. Then I mailed the real thing.

In April the mast, centerboard trunk, and foredeck were completed. The interior was painted with off-white Petit marine enamel. In the May photos the coaming appeared. The hull and deck were painted with Awlgrip. The hull was Flag Blue. The deck was done in Moondust with a "non-skid" texture coat added.

By early June I was finding it hard to concentrate at work if the computer screen saver turned on. The boat was essentially complete. And she was a thing of beauty to me and the small crowd of co-workers who were following her progress. Meg and I scheduled our summer vacation to allow us to pick up the boat on June 27. Meanwhile, Pat was varnishing, Keith was doing some detail work, and all of us were waiting for the arrival of the Reineck hardware which was supposed to be shipped directly to Big Pond.

It turned out that delivery of the Reineck hardware created the only delay in the entire project. When it still hadn't arrived by June 17, I started getting to know Mr. Reineck personally in a series of phone calls. There was no time left to send

the parts to Nova Scotia because they would need to clear customs. He was quite apologetic about the delay and eventually shipped everything I had ordered by overnight mail to my home in Maryland at no additional charge. The package arrived the day before we left for Nova Scotia. All the parts were there and the craftsmanship was outstanding. When new and shiny in the box, the pieces looked like jewelry.

I had purchased a trailer in Maryland. Meg and I hooked it to our Subaru Forester. Carly loaded a stack of magazines and her iPod into the back seat of the car. And off we went for a family vacation in Nova Scotia. We arrived at Big Pond the evening of June 26. After a mostly sleepless night I arose at dawn to drive to the boat shop. I've been more excited, but not very often. As it turned out the shop sits on a hillside not easily visible from the road. I drove past several times before finally stopping to ask directions. A man at the local store explained how to find the shop. There was no sign out front because someone had stolen the old one and Keith hadn't gotten around to replacing it yet.

It was still early when I arrived. Keith walked out to greet me. He introduced himself and led me to the shop. The first view of my new boat was breathtaking. She was absolutely perfect. The dark blue paint had a mirror shine. The varnish glowed. And the teak floorboards gave off a wonderful aroma. There was little I could do but stand there and grin. Surprisingly, I felt proud. Although I had not personally worked in the building process, I had been intimately involved. And



Home from Nova Scotia.

Meg christens her *Comfort* at launching.



Anchored on our New Jersey lake.

Sailing on Chesapeake Bay.



here in front of me sat the fruition of my dream, my planning, and many hours of working at a second job to pay for it all. It was truly a moment to remember.

We weren't able to launch the boat on the 27 as planned because I still that Reineck "jewelry" in my car. I left the hardware and the trailer with Keith and drove back to the motel to spend the day sightseeing with my family. Of course, one of the first sights was to show them the new boat. After that we took some time to appreciate the other local sights. Cape Breton Island has no shortage of scenic beauty.

We christened the boat *Comfort* the next day at a launching ramp on Bras d'Or Lake. Keith had other business but Pat attended and took us out for the maiden sail. There were four adults and a teenager on board. *Comfort* sailed beautifully in a 10 to 15-knot breeze and lived up to her name. Pat and I took turns at the helm and there were smiles all around.

After saying our farewell to Pat and Keith, we took a few days to tour Cape Breton Island by car and then started the long drive home. In general, the trip home was

uneventful. The boat looked massive compared to the Subaru tow vehicle. But the whole rig handled well at speeds up to 65mph. We had driven north through New Brunswick. We decided to take the Cat Ferry from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to Bar Harbor, Maine, for our return because, after all, we did have a catboat now.


Our arrival at Bar Harbor was around midnight. Pat had prepared all the documentation necessary to clear U.S. customs. I showed them the papers. They asked a few questions, made me sign some forms, and sent us on our way. I was so tired I could barely read the forms and my memory is not clear on the entire re-entry process. But I do know that there was no import duty.

So, that's the story of how I built a Marsh Cat 15 using only the internet, telephone, a small piece of plastic, and four sheets of paper. Were I starting the project again there are two things I would do differently. Rather than an open transom shown in the plans, I would have the builder make an afterdeck at the stern. This would provide a place to attach a metal traveler for the main sheet. The plans

show a rope traveler. In practice this doesn't work very well. After my first season of sailing I had a bronze traveler fabricated and installed across the entire width of the stern about 10" ahead of the transom. While this is an improvement, it isn't ideal.

The second, and perhaps more important, thing I would do is have the builder mock up the seat height and seating angles so that I could try out the position before the seats are installed. I discovered after sailing a few times that my seat height was too high for comfort (pun intended). I had a local builder lower the seats at the same time he did the traveler work. To do this, the builder had to remove, reframe, and reinstall the seats. It would have been better, and less expensive, to visit Nova Scotia once during the construction.

I have sailed *Comfort* for a little more than a year now and the grins still keep coming. I have no hesitancy to recommend the design and the builder.




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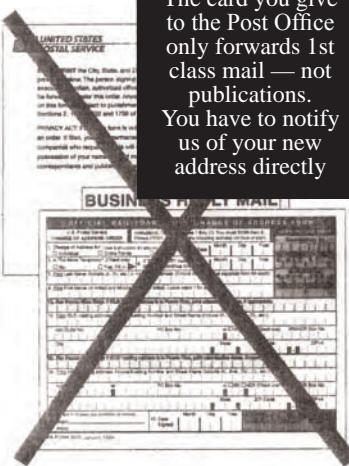
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Spaulding Center Keeps Wooden Boat Tradition Alive

By Ryan White

From *Twin City Times*, MarinScope
Newspapers, Sausalito, California
(Submitted by H. Stuart Bacon)

The oldest wooden sailboat on the West Coast isn't looking too good these days. Perched awkwardly on stilts in the workshop of the Spaulding Wooden Boat Center in Sausalito, California, *Freda* looks tired and busted, its days as one the classiest leading ladies to ply bay waters seemingly long gone.

But with the help of a dedicated team of craftsmen from the merging Spaulding Center and the Arques School of Traditional Boatbuilding, *Freda* is about to catch a stiff second wind. She's in the beginning stages of a two-year restoration that will fit her with fresh planks, straighten time's kinks, and cost an estimated \$250,000.

A 32' gaff sloop, the *Freda*, one of the premier luxury daysailers of the era, was built in 1885 on the beach in Belvedere by saloon keeper Henry Cookson. Its distinctive design made it an iconic fixture on local waters. But the *Freda's* caretakers knew all was not well with the boat when it sank in its harbor slip several years ago. Although the boat's deck and cabin had been replaced in 1999, corroded fasteners on the ship's hull caused one of the planks to pop free, sinking the sloop.

The Spaulding Center, aware of the boat's heritage, mounted a rescue campaign in early 2004. It's not hard to understand why, the boat's seductive lines and melange of influences tend to make wooden boat buffs swoon.

"It's a physical manifestation of the values and techniques of its time," said Spaulding Boatworks manager Michael Wiener, noting its array of influences, which include touches from the Azores, Italy, and Scandinavia. Wiener, who grew up in Sausalito and began his boat building career with master designer and craftsman Myron Spaulding in 1978, says he's continually amazed at how many people recognize the boat, many from seeing it about the bay or racing against it. "So many people love the *Freda*," Wiener said.

But the hefty cost of restoration has the Center seeking donors. One of the initial fundraising ideas is allowing people to buy one of the 32 frames that will make up *Freda's* skeleton for \$1,200 a frame.

Mark Welther, the non-profit center's new executive director, says he's also hoping to attract foundation grants in addition to individual and corporate donations. His goal is to raise somewhere near \$500,000 a year, with a good chunk of that money going to needed upgrades and modernization of the Spaulding building itself. This week an extremely low tide allowed the yard to begin pouring new concrete to replace old, rotting pilings.

The building at the foot of Gate 5 Road in Sausalito was originally built by Spaulding specifically to accommodate the design and construction of his signature wooden boats. It includes an extensive drafting area, a one-of-a-kind bench for building ship spars, and a spacious shop floor with beefy machinery for



Spaulding Boatworks Manager Michael Weiner (left) and Spaulding Wooden Boat Center Executive Director Mark Welther stand in front of the *Freda*, which will be restored to her former glory over the next two years.

ship-sawing the Douglas fir and cedar used to construct his designs.

When Spaulding passed away in 2000 Myron's widow, Gladys, set aside the building in a trust with instructions to set up a non-profit to carry on her husband's boat building legacy. That non-profit became the Spaulding Wooden Boat Center. The Center shares the space with Spaulding BoatWorks, a functioning boatyard run by Spaulding's disciple, Mark Wiener.

In addition to the non-profit and the boatyard, the Spaulding Center planned on partnering with a wooden boat building school to share the space. The center had reached an agreement with the International Yacht Restoration School of Newport, Rhode Island, to open a branch of the school at the center, but when the Newport school announced it would have to delay its West Coast opening, the Spaulding Center turned to the Arques School, currently located at a nearby shipyard off Marinship Way.

The Arques School was founded by Bob Darr in 1996 with the help of an endowment from the late Donlon Arques, who died in 1993. The school specializes in teaching traditional plank-on-frame wooden boat building techniques and includes both a small cadre of

dedicated apprentices and amateur students. The school plans on moving to the Spaulding Center this summer, and will start offering weekend classes for beginners this fall.

According to Welther, the Spaulding non-profit will focus its effort on three areas: preserving the Spaulding building, restoring historically significant wooden boats, and teaching people traditional wooden boat building techniques. The Center's goal is to assemble a small fleet of wooden boats to take people out on the bay, Welther said. That fleet will eventually include the *Freda*, the *Polaris*, a donated 1906 gaff sloop, and possibly the *Charlie Merrill*, a 17' Swampscott dory currently being built by North Bay Boat Works to honor noted local preservationist and sailor Charlie Merrill.

Both Welther and Wiener hope all the new activity at the revamped Center will draw more people to the Sausalito waterfront and, in doing so, foster an appreciation of wooden boats and sailing.

"Keeping the working waterfront alive is key," Wiener said. "You can't keep it alive artificially, but our part will be getting people out on the water, helping them fall in love with sailing. This is something that will hopefully remain alive and vital."

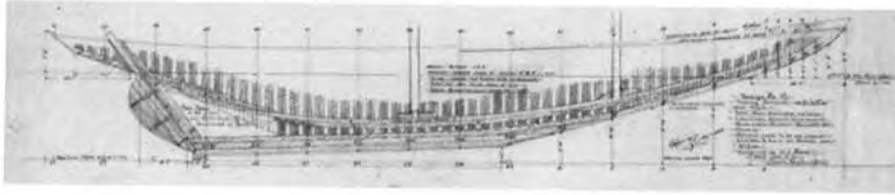
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For some this may not be news, for others like me, it was a surprise to learn. Last August 31, 2006, Joan Roue of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, announced plans to build another replica of the famous schooner *Bluenose*. Joan Roue is the great-granddaughter of the original designer of *Bluenose*. She intends to raise \$15 million (four dimes per Canadian) to build the new *Bluenose III*.

The original *Bluenose* was built in the Smith and Rhuland Shipyard in 1921. William James Roue was the original designer. Captain Angus Walters was her first Master.

The first replica, *Bluenose II*, is now 43 years old and in need of an expensive refit. This was last done in 1994 and was to be a ten-year fix. Because of her present condition she cannot sail overseas and cannot go great distances from her home port. This has caused lost opportunities to promote the *Bluenose* legacy and to promote Nova Scotia and Canada.

The *Bluenose III* project will be managed by The Queen of the North Atlantic Enterprises. A third party fund will be established and managed and 80% will go toward construction and 20% for managing the project. The project will be self-sufficient and will not ask for funding from the Province.

The project has a four-year launch plan. The first year, 2006-7, fund raising will begin. The second year the people and materials needed will be gathered together. The third year, Canada Day 2008, the keel will be laid and construction begun. Year four finishing and launching will take place, the latter on July 24, 2010.

Bluenose III, upon completion, will take over as sailing ambassador for the Province of Nova Scotia, Canada, and will continue the legacy and legend of the original *Bluenose*. Also planned are sail training, public sailing charters to create revenue, private and corporate charters, merchandising, and fund raising.

The *Bluenose III*? Yes!

By Greg Grundtisch

It is planned that *Bluenose II* will be retired and made a permanent floating exhibit or museum.

With the building of the *Bluenose III* it is hoped that there will be an economic benefit, both during construction and beyond. The construction location will attract additional tourism and visitors will be able to view the ongoing construction. There is hope to build on the same historic Smith and Rhuland site.

Along with the economic boost for the area from tourism there will be additional jobs, both directly and indirectly related to the project. The building and launching of *Bluenose II* brought people from around the world. It is hoped that *Bluenose III* will draw even more people to see the building and launching.

There are plans to race the boat and bring back an "International Fisherman's Race" of sorts in Halifax Harbor. The opponent? To be named later. I would like to suggest the schooner *Adventure* of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Yes, I know there are many other schooners and schooner races. It would just be nice to see that little bit of history sailing again. Original history. Yes, I know it is expensive. I also know that it can be done and not cost taxpayers a cent. Maybe one dime per American and bring the *Adventure*, and others to a New International Race off Gloucester, Massachusetts, every other year. Well, maybe!

This looks like an ambitious project but a grand one if it can be pulled off. A lot of Canadian pride is in *Bluenose II* and a little remorse for letting the original *Bluenose* get away from them. In desperation, Captain

Angus Walters used his retirement savings to buy her and save her from being scrapped out for parts with the hopes of raising funds to keep her afloat as an important part of Canada's history. He tried to get the Canadian government to help but to no avail. Canada (pre-independence from Britain) was forced into World War II and that got in the way of saving the vessel. Less than \$20,000. Jeez!

Captain Angus Walters reluctantly had to sell her to private investors. Her masts and spars were removed, an engine added, and she became a supply transport during the war and then was sold off after the war ended. She was inadvertently (by weather), so they say, run onto a reef off the island of Haiti. There was brief talk again about the Canadian government pulling her off and bringing her home. It was not to be. A last, lost opportunity.

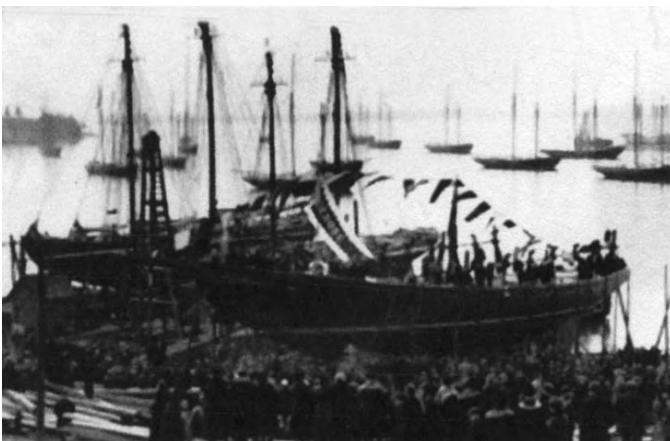
There are not too many Canadians who wouldn't like to be able to make that choice(s) again and have saved that piece of Canadian Maritime history. Postwar finances were the consideration. Such is the cost of (war) history, perhaps? Jeez!

I've lived most of my life in and around the Canadian border and spent a great deal of time on the southern Ontario shore for the first 20 years of my life. I am still spending time there, although not as much as I would like. I've become very enamored of the legend, lore, and history of *Bluenose* and *Bluenose II*. Both schooners have sagas that are quite compelling. It is something worth looking into.

Instead of me blabbering on, I will list some books and web sites for you to examine. Then you can determine for yourself the virtues of the *Bluenose*(s). It's an unusual story that could easily have been made into an epic movie.

I admit there is a slight slant (in some books) toward the Canadian view of how some of the International Fisherman's Races were recorded (judged), in history. A Gloucesterman might see things in a different way and have just cause.

Launching of *Bluenose*, March 26, 1921.





W.J. Roue (left), designer of the original *Bluenose*, with Capt. Angus Walters on the first sail of *Bluenose II*.

No matter how you perceive it, Captains Ben Pine and Angus Walters were friends and had great respect for each other. The owners of the schooners, well, that's something a little different.

For those who need an explanation of what that's all about, read the history of the schooners and the races. I would write about it on these pages, but I'm sure that's been done.

The stories and history of the *Bluenose*, the schooners of the Grand Banks, the ship's captains, it's all a glorious part of Canadian and American maritime history. Lots of lessons learned, lots of competition, politics, sportsmanship, AND some real true life tales.

Okay, okay, back to the *Bluenose III*. It's a new page in Canadian Maritime history in many ways and it's exciting! You will enjoy any of the following web sites and books. Happy sails!



Bluenose (#1) and *Haligonian*, also designed by W.J. Roue and built by a group of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, businessmen as a challenger to *Bluenose*, in 1926.

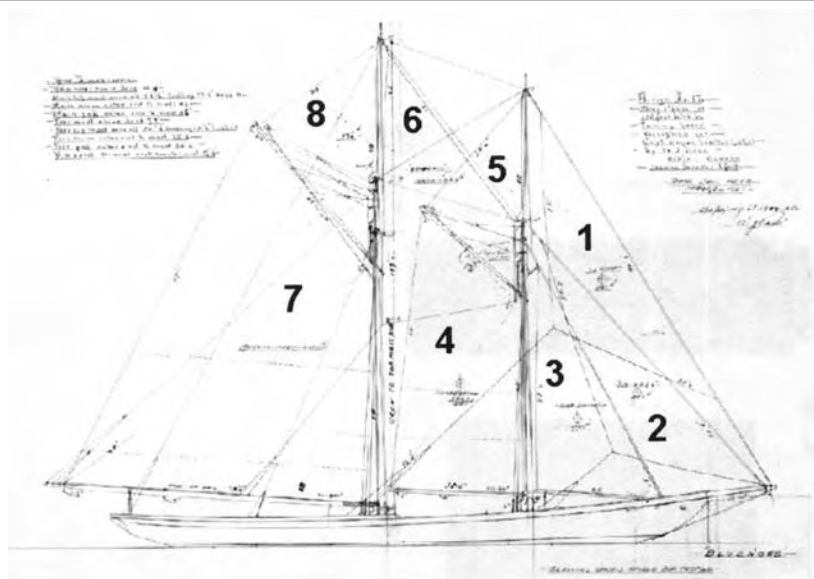
Gertrude L. Thebaud from Gloucester, Massachusetts leading *Bluenose* in early stages of the 1938 International Series.



Bluenose by the wind, 1922.

Web sites: google the following: *Bluenose II* or *Bluenose*; Queen of the North Atlantic; Museum of the North Atlantic; Lunenburg Museum, or Museum of History; Halifax Nova Scotia Museum of History, www.Schoonerbluenose.ca (lots of vintage photos, too).

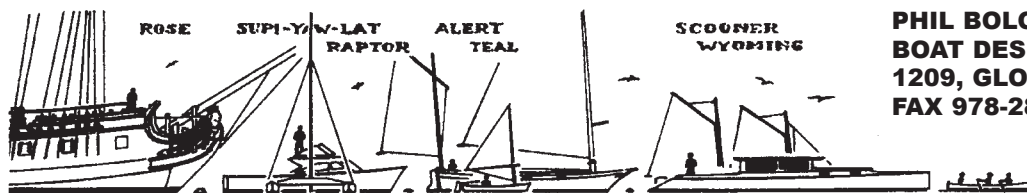
Books (there are lots of others in addition to these): *Bluenose* by Brian and Phil Backman; *World War II Adventures of Canada's Bluenose* by Andrew Higgins and Jesse Spalding III; *Bluenose Queen of the Grand Banks* by Feenie Ziner; *Schooner Bluenose and Bluenose II* by R. Kieth McLaren; *Captain Angus Walters* by Jacqueline Langille; *Race To Fame, the Inside Story of the Bluenose* by Claude Darrach (a crew member); *Bluenose II Saga of the Great Fishing Schooners*, measured drawings by L.B. Jenson; *Bluenose Master, the Memoirs of Captain Ernest K. Hartling* as told to Jo Kranz.



1. Jib topsail
2. Jib
3. Jumbo
4. Foresail
5. Fore gaff topsail
6. Fisherman's staysail
7. Mainsail
8. Main gaff topsail

Dimensions of *Bluenose*

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Overall length: 143' | Foretopmast, overall: 48'6" |
| Beam: 27' | Sail area, including fisherman's staysail, approximately: 10,000 sq ft |
| Waterline: 112' | Mainboom: 81' |
| Depth main hatch: 11'6" | Maingaff: 51' |
| Draught: 15'10" | Foreboom: 32'6" |
| Mainmast, above deck: 81' | Foregaff: 32'6" |
| Foremast, above deck: 73' | Displacement: 285 tons |
| Maintopmast, overall: 53'6" | |



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We were in Montreal last fall, on business we'll be writing about soon, and took the chance to look in on Peter Lenihan, who has been building the prototype Windermere for a long time. We showed the design in *MAIB* Vol. 19, No. 16, January 1, 2002. If you have minimal shelter for your boat building in those parts the building season is very short until you get her closed in, four months, Peter said ruefully, with the rest either too cold or too hot. He gave us some photos showing his early stages in the open in a green field, looking pleasant in nice weather, but in the last one the whole set-up is covered with snow.

Now he has an elaborate double-skin plastic-on-frame shelter that keeps most of the wind and snow off but does not do much for the temperature. But by this time he has her closed in and the insulation installed that will make her four seasons habitable. He's working on the inside and expects to launch her in the spring.

He's making a painstaking job of her, everything from the jigs on which the main panels were assembled to the last interior details cleanly done with no corners cut.

The first photo is of Peter and PB discussing a model of the boat which shows one alteration he made to introduce some transverse crown into the house top. We don't think the improvement in looks justified the work of building the resulting compound

Bolger on Design

Update On Windermere

31'x8' Two-some Coastal
 Liveboard
 Trailerable Powerboat
 Design #633

curve and don't intend to alter the plans to suit. To Peter it looks more shipshape. Otherwise the model gives an accurate impression of how she will look.

The second picture is looking forward on the starboard side and emphasizes the wall sides that give maximum stability and interior space on the trailerable breadth. The two windows light the sleeping cabin with dedicated berths under which are her longrange fuel tanks.

The third picture shows the box forefoot with PB feeling the joint there. This photo was taken to show the fillets that fair the box forefoot into the flat hull bottom to eliminate pounding and slapping. Peter was much taken with the fillets. They're given as an expansion on the plans, showing the panels

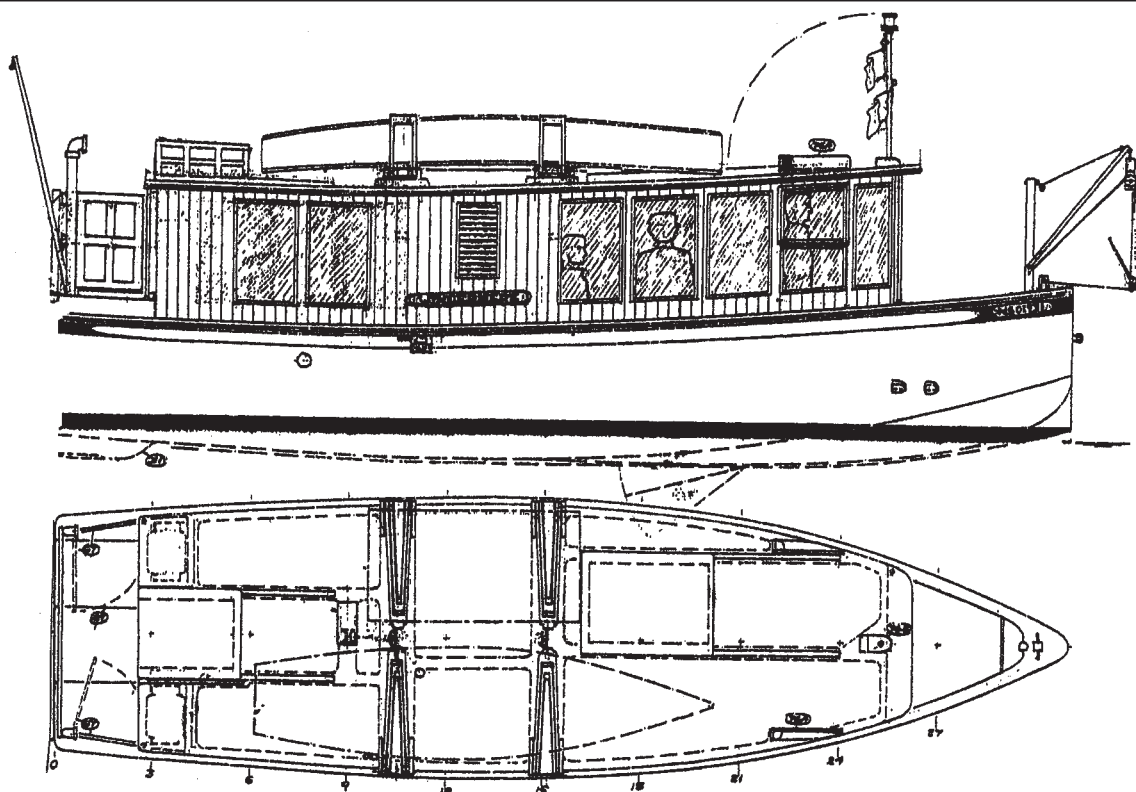
laid out flat in a most unlikely shape, which falls into place when sprung into the angle to form a nicely curved bow shape blending into the angular hull bottom and box forefoot. These things are tricky to project but we had got this one right, with the unfortunate effect for this photo that it does not show up as a separate panel.

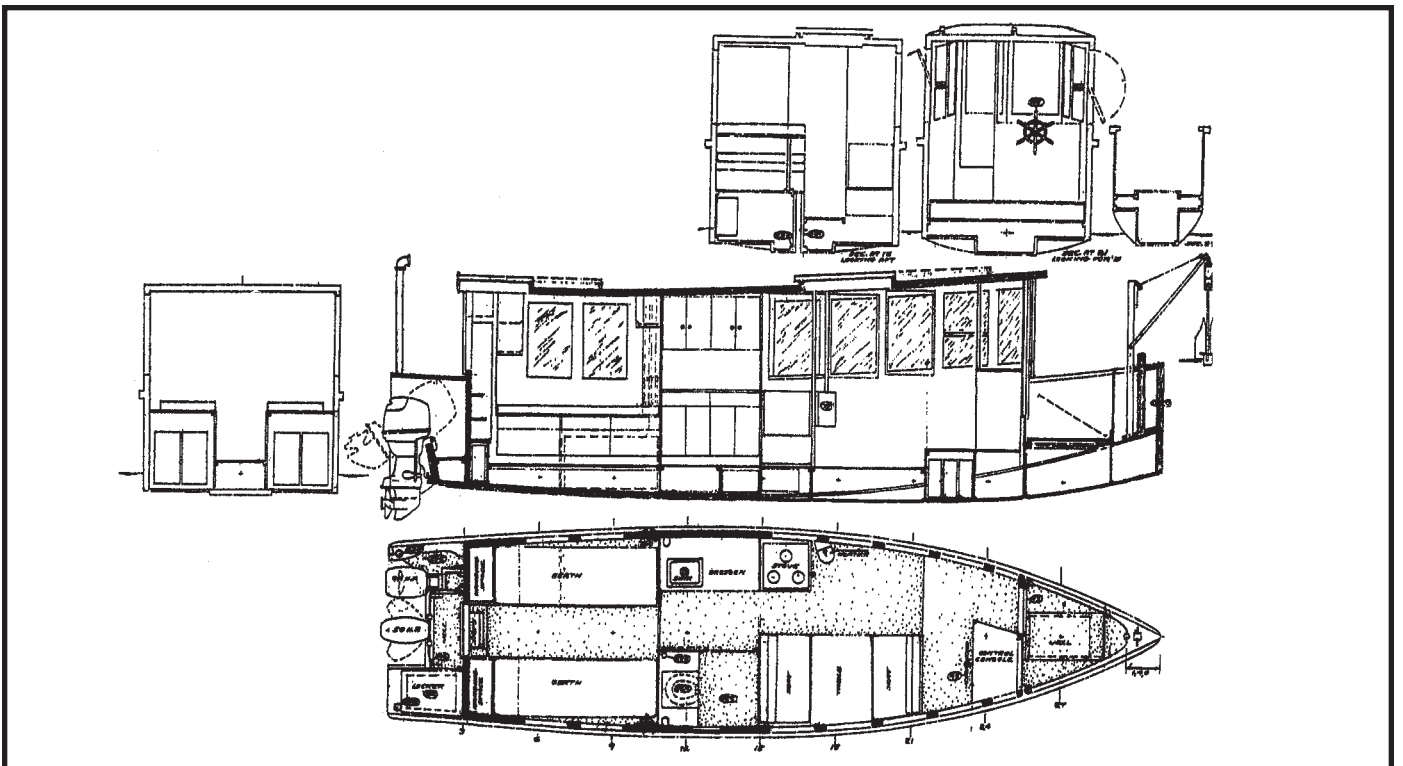
The fourth picture was taken standing at the after end of the galley, next to the washroom, looking forward past the dinette to the helm station and through the forward door to the bow cockpit. The centerboard that keeps the shallow hull from being blown around in beam winds is under the inboard edge of the dinette.

It is easy to picture her easing through canals and rivers. Her little sisters, the Champlain class 22-footers, have made themselves much appreciated for this, and have also shown that they can handle fairly rough water without problems. They use 10hp outboards but Windermere will have a 50hp four-stroke, a lot more power than she needs or will use much but nice for a burst and very quiet and economical at its low cruising rpm.

We're looking forward to her trials.

Plans of Windermere, our Design 463, are available for \$350 to build one boat, sent priority mail, or air mail abroad, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





Al Gustaveson has been a friend for many years and an employer for a short time on one of my retirement jobs. Al has been the head man at Northwest Canoe Company since its beginnings many years ago. That is about to change.

I first met Al by phone when I was the building director of the Minnesota Canoe Association. He called me, as did so many others at that time, to ask questions about canoe building. We became friends and several years later he became the president of the MCA.

Al was a Navy veteran and had spent some time as a merchant seaman, but by the time I met him he was a carpenter doing a lot of work around the Twin Cities area. He found a job with Wilderness Experience, an outfit that got handicapped people out into the wilds. He maintained all of their equipment and led some of their trips.

One evening on one of those long Minnesota winter nights, Al came to my home and we drew up plans for a 24-footer, a big work canoe. Al had a buyer for three of these boats that were still untested. He found a shop in one of St Paul's suburbs where he could work and began construction of the first one. He killed two birds with one stone and began to have building classes on this first prototype of the 24-footers.

As the first of these boats neared completion folks began coming out of the woodwork to see the boat. We had a lot of guys showing up with advice some of which we chose to ignore. The first boat got completed in December and we tested it in the river one warm winter day and decided that what we had created was good.

At this point I got out of the picture. Al built two more of these boats that winter. He

Changing of the Guard

By Mississippi Bob

moved the shop a couple times and gave a lot of classes on canoe building as he taught his helpers to do their jobs.

That summer Al organized a trip into the Northwest Territory to deliver the boats. I think that trip was the motivation to start his own business. I lost track of where Al's business was going and the next time we crossed trails he had a shop in the basement of an old warehouse near downtown St Paul. He got into a building that was dedicated to the arts. If you were a starving artist you could get cheap rent in this six story warehouse building. Canoe builders, unfortunately, fall into the starving artist group.

The company, now named Northwest Canoe Company, grew slowly. Al built canoes, repaired broken boats, and gave classes. Northwest Canoe made one more move but within the same building. He acquired a slightly bigger shop with a door directly into a parking lot. This made it much easier to run the business. A couple more things got added to the business. He started selling camping supplies on line. He also began selling plans, books, and canoe kits. He sold a lot of epoxy resins and glass, also wood strips, and pre-built canoe parts. A person could buy the whole canoe or any needed parts for their project.

I went to work for Al part time, soon to become full time. Among other things that I did at Northwest Canoe was to help build

three more of the 24-footers now numbering into the 40s.

Northwest Canoe had been providing a service that no one else wanted to provide. There are not a lot of folks who know how to do these repairs and fewer still willing to do the work. Northwest Canoe became the repair spot for Bell Canoe and Midwest Mountaineering, an outdoor supply store in Minneapolis. That brought in a bit of business. Seems like we never really caught up with the work. Working for Al was fun. I learned a lot from him just as he had learned some of the basics from me.

One of his fall classes overbooked so I helped out and we had two classes going at once in the same room. His group and mine were competing with one another to see who could build their boat the fastest.

I might still be working there had my bride not had a stroke that required me becoming a full time nurse. I retired again. Al had thought about retirement and began looking for a buyer for Northwest Canoe. Not an easy thing to find. Another friend of ours, Dennis Davidson, another serious canoeist, decided to give it a try. Dennis had also been the president of the Canoe Association at one time. He had been working at some of the outdoor stores in the area, then he began working for Bell Canoe. He was the sales manager of Bell Canoe for a couple years but that ended when the company got sold downriver. Ted Bell sold his business and it got relocated to Lacrosse, Wisconsin.

Dennis thought that he would rather stay in Minneapolis than move downriver to God's Country so negotiations began. I have talked with Dennis about the direction that the company would take and it sound like little change will be made at least not right away.

Canoe building class in full swing.

Al on right and Dennis on left, old and new owners of Northwest Canoe.




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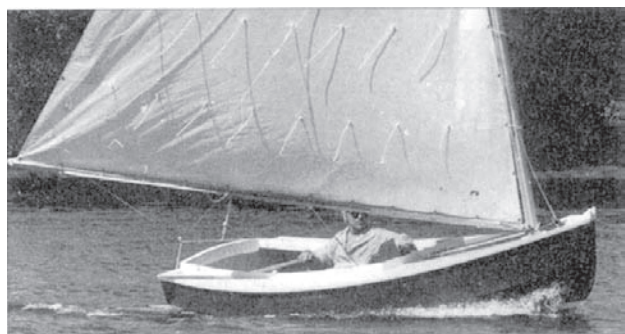
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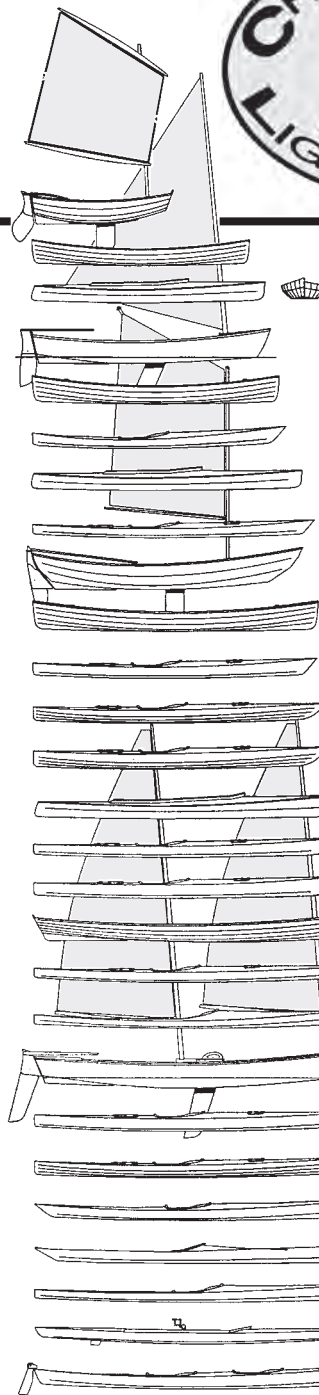
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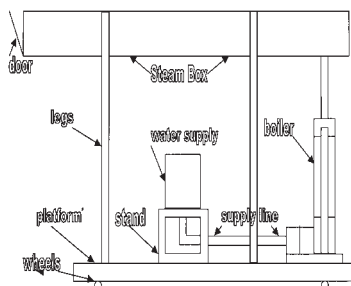
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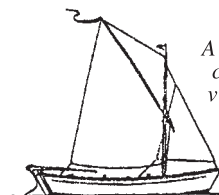
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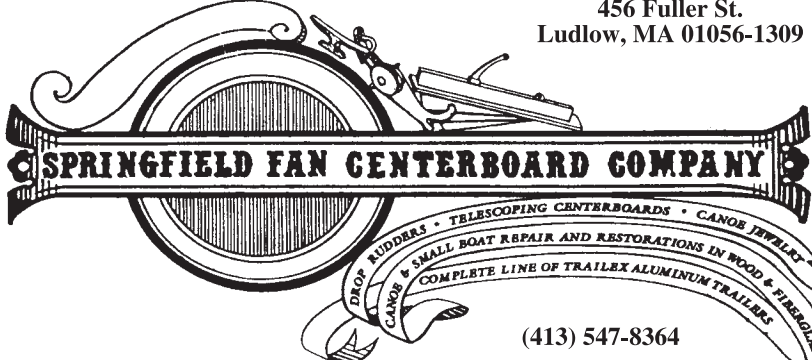
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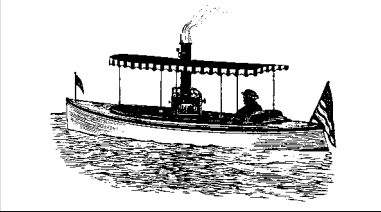
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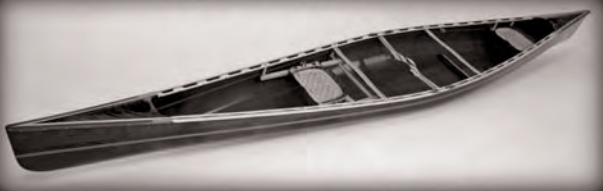
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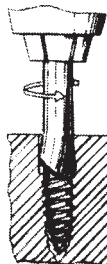
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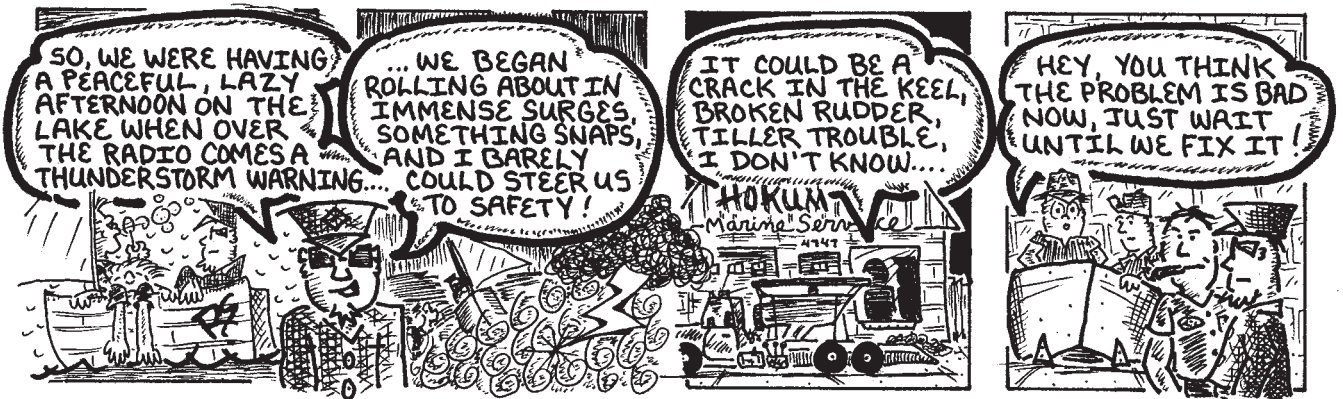
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